The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* February *will be noticed in the* March *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th March *in the* April *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The title of Miss Beatrice Harraden's new book is "The Fowler," suggested by the verse from Psalm cxxiv. : "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler." "The Fowler" is the longest book Miss Harraden has yet written, and will run into forty chapters. The scene is laid in England. It is to be published, probably in the beginning of April, by Messrs. Blackwood in England, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. in the States. The translations into French, German, Danish, and Dutch are already in negotiation. We hear that Miss Harraden has a play in hand, and that she has also fixed on the subject and title for another book.

New magazines are still promised—a weekly for Sunday by Messrs. Cassell, and the *Pocket Magazine* at a penny by Messrs. Newnes.

Mr. George Gissing has just finished a new novel. It is in some ways a new departure for Mr. Gissing. It deals with the upper middle classes, and is distinctly optimistic, with a very charming love story ending happily. Incidentally it treats with some of the bigger public problems that are clamant at this moment. The first volumes of the edition of Dickens which Mr. Gissing is editing for Messrs. Methuen will appear shortly.

Mr. Le Gallienne has been thinking of a magazine to be written by himself, and entitled "Personal Opinion," but he has not decided on carrying out the idea.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has written another novel, entitled "A Daughter of the Vine." It will be issued this spring by Messrs. Service and Paton. A notable critic, we understand, has read it in manuscript, and considers it "an able and remarkable book, much more concentrated than anything Mrs. Atherton has written as yet."

A well-known American writer at present residing in this country, who has done some notable work as special correspondent, recently received a startling offer from a well-known New York journal. He was to proceed at once to Devil's Island, rescue Dreyfus, and bring him to New York. The payment was fixed at a thousand pounds, to be increased to three thousand if the expedition were successful, and five thousand expenses. The offer was refused.

We notice a statement in a financial paper that Edward Lloyd, Ltd, is to be reconstructed and the shares split preparatory to a public issue. The present holders of the shares are, we believe, almost entirely members of the Lloyd family.

The new novel upon which Mr. Arthur Morrison has been engaged for some little time is to be entitled "To London Town." It will be published in book form by Messrs. Methuen and Co. at an early date.

Sir Walter Besant has recently made great progress with "The Survey of London," and it is hoped that the first volumes will be ready for publication in the early autumn.

Mr. Stephen Crane has returned to his old quarters at Oxted, and is finishing a novel for publication this spring. He contemplates a retreat further into the country in order more completely to escape interruption.

A new departure in publishing will be made probably by more than one firm some time this year. New books will be published in two editions, one at sixpence, and the other at a higher price. It is thought that many of the people who read magazines would rather read novels if novels were within their reach, that the existing libraries do not reach a tenth part of the reading public, and that few people can afford more than sixpence for the perusal of a novel.

Mr. Edwin Pugh has finished a book which will be a sort of companion picture to "Tony Drum."

Dr. Morgan de Groot, the new Dutch novelist, whose book "The Lotus-Flower" we review in this number, has taken up his residence in England, bringing with him a new novel.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton contemplate the publication, in sixpenny editions, of some of their most popular works of fiction.

Messrs. Macmillan contemplate the issue of a new series of two-shilling novels. The novels will probably be reprints of copyright books.

It is somewhat amusing to find Professor Saintsbury addressing the Brontë Society. Mr. Saintsbury has sneered at the new interest taken in the Brontës, and in two at least of his books has made blunders about the Brontës so stupendous that he might well have been excused if he never alluded to the subject again. In one work he actually spoke of Emily Brontë as the author of "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," and he also repeated the story that "Jane Eyre" travelled from publishing house to publishing house. He was corrected in both these points, and advised to have nothing to do with Brontë Society publications, but to begin by reading Mrs. Gaskell's biography, "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," and "Wuthering Heights," proceed-

ing as he saw his way. And undismayed by this the Professor in his last book repeated the assertion about the wanderings of "Jane Eyre." It was written by request for Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and was submitted to no publishers but them. However, it is gratifying to know that Mr. Saintsbury has seen the error of his ways, and his essay on the Brontës read at Huddersfield contained some good matter. The title was characteristic, "The Positions of the Brontës as Origins in the History of the English Novel."

He commenced by referring to the divergence of opinion on Charlotte Brontë between Thackeray and Matthew Arnold. Thackeray saw in her "an impetuous honesty, a noble indignation at wrong, and only a somewhat excessive austerity of judgment." He pronounced her "a very lofty and high-minded person," and rose in speaking of her to a rare and unmistakable outburst of enthusiasm. Arnold considered that "Villette" was disagreeable because it showed that the writer's mind contained nothing but "hunger, rebellion, and rage."

He then drew a contrast between Miss Austen and Charlotte Brontë. Scott as a rule dealt in romance pure and simple; Miss Austen totally and utterly eschewed romance. What was first done by the Brontës, and especially by Charlotte, was the achievement of the intersection of the circles of the romance proper and the novel proper, of the maintenance of the rule of exact, and, as we now said, realistic observation, of ordinary personality, of middle-class rank, of fairly usual incident, but all saturated with a new romance, a romance derived partly from the study of nature and partly from the working out of the passionate thoughts and feelings of the individual.

In "Wuthering Heights" the actual combination of the normal and the abnormal, of realism and transcendentalism, was shown more strikingly than anywhere else, and it was perhaps in this combination that the still unrivalled attraction of the book consisted. Turning to Charlotte Brontë, the lecturer said she realised that her immediate mission, and the immediate mission of her generation of novelists, was to take ordinary character and incident and make it extraordinary by analysis of motive, dexterous infusion of passion, by the skilful use of nature, and by all the heightenings and transcendences which were not really from anyone. When she began to write seriously her landscape was one of her most important points.

The difference of temperament between Miss Austen and Miss Brontë might be compared in two somewhat similar scenes—the walk of Marianne and Margaret Dashwood on the hills in "Sense and Sensibility," and Caroline's words to Shirley about Nunnwood. In both the object was to represent a girl's delight in open air and natural scenery, but the one author barely gave the fact and the other gave a vision of the fact. Miss Brontë—and her sister Emily in an even intenser fashion, though with still narrower range—used these two great heightenings of fictitious treatment, the poetical imaginative study of nature and the dramatic imaginative presentation of the individual on his most individual side. They did this unconscious of the great poets before them, and nobody had done (or hardly anyone except one of those poets themselves could have done) anything of the same kind before. What Charlotte and Emily Brontë did was to effect the marriage of realism and of dream in the English novel.

The meeting of the Brontë Society, which took place in the afternoon, showed that there are now 309 members as compared with 290 last year. It was reported that during the past few months the Rev. John Wade, rector of Haworth, had resigned the living, and a successor had been found in the Rev. T. W. Story, M.A., senior curate of the Bradford Parish Church, who was in hearty sympathy with the objects of the society. We may add on our own responsibility that Mr. Wade's regard for the Brontës is very great, and we wish he had seen his way to publish the numerous reminiscences he once accumulated of the family. It was also

HENRIK IBSEN.

reported that a monument to the Rev. Patrick Brontë had been placed in Dewsbury Church.

Our readers will be interested in the accompanying portraits of Henrik Ibsen, which are, we believe, new to this country. Every day Ibsen may be seen, as depicted in the second picture, sitting by the window of the reading-

room at the Grand Hotel, Christiania, drinking his "pjolter" and reading his regular papers. Ibsenites are greatly disappointed that the new play is not yet announced. According to all arrangements it was due early this year.

At the request of the author, Mr. W. R. Barker has translated for Mr. F. E. Robinson "Souvenirs d'Oxford," by Jacques Bardoux. The book gives a French student's impressions of the University of Oxford after being a member of it for some time, and was the subject of an interesting article in the December number of the *Nineteenth Century* by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, who has now written an introduction for Mr. Barker's translation.

Mr. Robinson has also published two more volumes of his College Histories—Queen's and Downing, Cambridge, whilst the volume on Merton College, Oxford, is nearly ready.

Messrs. A. D. Innes have nearly ready five new volumes of their successful Isthmian series.

Mr. G. R. Wood, a recent winner of the Davos Skating Club Championship Bowl, has written for Mr. F. E. Robinson a handy manual on Combined Figure Skating. The book contains numerous sets of Calls, which, together with the First Class N.S.A. Combined Figures, are illustrated by nearly 150 figures.

The literary event of the month in Germany is the production of Sudermann's "Die Drei Reiherfedern." The piece is unquestionably a disappointing one—almost commonplace in design and idea, cumbrous and heavy in workmanship—a typical German play. Sudermann has not Hauptmann's genius, but this is the first of his works which must be pronounced ordinary.

The sale of "The Day's Work" still continues to be very brisk both here and in America. In the latter country Messrs. Doubleday and McClure, the publishers of the American edition, are advertising that up to the end of the year they had sold over 50,000 copies.

Mr. Maynard Dominick is, we believe, the first of the American publishers who has been in London this year, but we hear that Mr. Dodd, Mr. Doubleday, and Mr. Appleton are all expected at an early date. Mr. Dominick is, of course, of the firm of Messrs. Frederick A. Stokes and Co., of New York.

We are informed that an adaptation of "Trilby" into French, by Therese Batbedat, will shortly be issued by M. Juven.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

DECEMBER 19TH, 1898, TO JANUARY 21ST, 1899.

The Christmas week, with which this period commenced, was, as may be supposed, a very busy one indeed. Throughout each day and far into the night, all departments were working at full pressure, and though at times the issue might have been doubtful, the whole of the orders were eventually executed in time to be used for Christmas presents. This applies to the home trade, the foreign business keeping steady and satisfactory.

The leading book of the season was Steevens' "With Kitchener to Khartum," and several works of the same class found favour with book-buyers.

Among 6s. novels, of which tons were sold, those most enquired for were "Aylwin," "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," and "Roden's Corner."

"Forgotten Children's Books" had a wonderful sale, and the favourite books for boys and girls were notably Blackie's 6s., 5s., and 3s. 6d. stories. No other series approached these for popularity.

All Rudyard Kipling's works, noticeably "The Day's Work," were bought in large numbers.

The School Book season has just begun, and the popular educational works provided for the young are now more beautifully got up than ever. Every subject seems to be made more attractive, if possible.

The agitation against Ritualism and Romish practices has led to some demand for Reformation literature, and a new edition of D'Aubigné's "Reformation" is announced.

Technical Education Manuals are receiving increased attention, and treatises on many subjects are now published in England, subjects upon which American treatises only were obtainable for many years. Photography now possesses an imposing literature of its own, which enjoys a steady sale.

A few Lenten Manuals are being asked for, but their season has hardly yet commenced.

The Magazine branch of literature is now an increasingly important one. The total quantity sold is very great. *The*

Strand, *Pearson's*, *The Royal*, *Harmsworth*, and *The Wide World* are the principal ones, while *Harper*, *Pall Mall*, and *Chambers'* are in great request. The *Woman at Home*, with many rivals, leads easily in its class.

The subjoined list is a long one, but any attempt at curtailment would necessitate leaving out many that deserve a place, so it is given in its entirety:—

With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Day's Work. By Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Afterwards, and other works by the same author. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Red Axe. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s. (Macqueen.)
An Open Question. By C. E. Raimond. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Castle Inn. By S. J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Wild Eelin. By W. Black. 6s. (Low.)
Windyhaugh. By G. Travers. 6s. (Blackwood.)
John Splendid. By N. Munro. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Gloria Mundi. By H. Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Mistress Nancy Molesworth. By J. Hocking. 6s. (Bowden.)
Hope the Hermit. By E. Lyall. 6s. (Longmans.)
Fatal Gift. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Battle of the Strong. By G. Parker. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Changeling. By W. Besant. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)
The Children of the Mist. By E. Phillpotts. 6s. (Innes.)
Fights for the Flag. By W. H. Fitchett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Father Anthony. By R. Buchanan. 6s. (Long.)
The Forest Lovers. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Life of Shakespeare. By S. Lee. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Forgotten Children's Books. By A.W. Tuer. 6s. (Leadenhall Press.)
Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By J. K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By R. C. Slatin. 6s. (Arnold.)
Flashlights on Nature. By G. Allen. 6s. (Newnes.)
The Ambassador. By J. O. Hobbes. 3s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
Alice in Wonderland. By L. Carroll. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Handbook for Literary and Debating Societies. By L. M. Gibson. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Blackie's 6s., 5s., and 3s. 6d. Juvenile Books.
Wild Life at Home. By R. Kearton. 6s. (Cassell.)
Ingoldsby Legends. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
The Dreyfus Case. By F. C. Conybeare. 3s. 6d. (G. Allen.)
R. N. Carey's Novels. 3s. 6d. edition. (Macmillan.)
The Child's Book of Saints. By W. Canton. 5s. net. (Dent.)
Pilkington of Uganda. By C. F. H. Battersby. 6s. (Marshall Brothers.)
Mogreb al Acksa. By R. B. C. Graham. 9s. (Heinemann.)
Forty-one Years in India. By Lord Roberts. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending

Dec. 24, 1898—The busiest week of the whole year in the home trade. Foreign and colonial departments fairly busy.
" 31—A better week than is usual after the holidays. Export business a little easier.
Jan. 7, 1899—A rather quiet time in both home and foreign departments.
" 14—Trade slightly improved in home departments. Foreign and colonial business steady.
" 21—A better week, with the commencement of the school season. Export trade improving.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

DECEMBER 14TH, 1898, TO JANUARY 20TH, 1899.

The expectations of a successful Christmastide were fully realised, and those who had bought well had little difficulty in meeting with purchasers.

As was to be expected, Professor Drummond's Life met with a large sale in Scotland, and the well-known ability of his biographer marked the book out as one of special literary merit. Although not of the same local interest, the life of Dr. Dale also met with favour.

Military achievements having been made popular recently in such books as "Fights for the Flag," "Black and White War Albums," and "With Kitchener to Khartum," Mr. Kipling, in a book of great vigour, "A Fleet in Being," gave graphic notes of two trips with the Channel Squadron, thus praising the strength of the Navy and meeting at once with a hearty reception.

Books of sport, as a rule, are very expensive and only appeal to a limited public, but "Kings of the Hunting Fields," by Thormandy, proved an exception and sold fairly well.

Following the sensation made in religious circles in America by Sheldon's books, several publishers issued cheap editions of "In His Steps" and "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," and these sold in thousands—in fact, at present the demand exceeds the supply.

Of course, as is usual at this season, good business was done with all kinds of diaries, almanacs, and annuals, but the sales of the extra issues of popular weeklies and double numbers of magazines showed a decided tendency to fall away.

Most of the Presbyterian Churches having adopted the Church Hymnary, large numbers were disposed of, but the difficulty in getting supplies caused much irritation to the trade and, as the profit was very meagre, little encouragement was given to push for orders.

The death of William Black was received with general regret, and the desire to recall the pleasure by the perusal of his novels led to a considerable sale of them, more especially of his earlier works.

The leading six-shilling novels of the season were "Aylwin," "Castle Inn," "Mollie's Prince," "The Day's Work," "The Open Question," and as Christmas presents, "The Ideal Life," "Afterwards," and "Isabel Carnaby."

"Spinifex and Sand," by Carnegie, and "The Land of the Pigmies," by Burrows, are worthy of mention as new books of travel, and "Lewis Carroll's Life," Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," as works of biography, very specially commended and meeting with success.

As usual, Messrs. Nelson, of Edinburgh, issued several gift books very tastefully got up; and perhaps one of the most artistic little volumes published in Scotland recently was "At the Sign of the Brush and Pen," by Messrs. A. Brown and Co., of Aberdeen.

The following is our list of best selling books:—

In His Steps. By Sheldon. 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)
Philip Strong. By Sheldon. 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. (S.S. Union.)
Drummond's Life. By G. A. Smith. 7s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Afterwards. By Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder.)
Isabel Carnaby. By Miss Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)
The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Mollie's Prince. By R. N. Carey. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Open Question. By E. Robins. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Carroll's Life and Letters. 7s. 6d. (Unwin.)
Spinifex and Sand. By Carnegie. 21s. (Pearson.)
Life of Shakespeare. By Lee. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
Irish Life and Character. By McDonagh. 6s. (Hodder.)
Pilkington of Uganda. 6s. (Marshall Brothers.)
Fights for the Flag. By Fitchett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
A Fleet in Being. By R. Kipling. 1s. (Macmillan.)
And all editions of the Church Hymnary.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IS JOURNALISM A CAREER FOR MEN OVER FORTY?

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I am not sure what is meant by the question that is being discussed in your columns. If it means—Ought a man to begin a journalistic career when he is forty years of age, I should answer, No (with exceptions). If it means—Ought a man to finish a journalistic career when he reaches the age of forty, I should answer, No. I am not unprejudiced. Alas! the forty limit has long gone by for me, and possibly if not probably I might be inclined to dispute the special claims of youth in journalism. Yet I am not disposed to do so. Journalism in my view requires training and experience for its adequate expression. The sooner that training begins (of course, within limits) the better for journalism and the journalist. Most young men, fitted for the work, by the time they have reached forty years of age will have learned how great has been their ignorance; and the best of them will wish they could bury out of sight most of their younger productions of which they were so proud, and of the emptiness, not to say foolishness, of which they have become conscious. Something depends upon what is meant by journalism. No doubt young men can do much of what is, I believe, known as the New Journalism better than men over forty years of age. They have more intrepidity than older men. Self-confidence is the glory if not the strength of youth, and self-confidence goes a long way in some journalism. But it is not always—perhaps not often—unaccompanied by ignorance. My experience is that there is no calling in which knowledge and caution are more required than in journalism, both for its own sake and for the sake of the public. For the conductor of a newspaper it must always be a gain to have some young men about him. They may have initiative, which is most valuable. They are pretty sure to have buoyancy, which is most desirable. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they require gentle restraint.

Many men have wished for themselves that they could be young again with the experience of age. That wish is or ought to be realised in journalism, not by the individual, but by the journal. It can always have the freshness and strength of youth combined with the experience and sagacity of age. Thus I am for youth, while I am not against the experienced unfortunate who has passed forty years of age.

In a newspaper experience of more than fifty years, I have known many men over forty years of age who would, in journalism, give half-a-mile and a beating to any young journalist. Emphatically, then, journalism is a career which a man may profitably follow after he is forty years of age. He will not feel that the young men are likely to push him from his stool. The veteran may lag superfluous on the stage. In most cases he is the last person who will think that he is superfluous. But no veteran who has proved himself in journalism will feel that he has lived in vain, though he may not think that his work will live long after him.

CHARLES A. COOPER.

41, *Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh,*
Jan. 12th, 1899.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—That depends on the men, on what they consider a career, and on what is understood by journalism. As to age, some men are senile in their youth, while others are juvenile although far advanced in years. One who has extraordinary originality, energy, and vivacity will often do his best work and achieve his peculiar distinction before he is forty—his difficulty in after years being to equal the length of his own shadow. Others with less transcendant, but high average ability, will add forty years to forty years of steady, excellent, and successful work. Unfortunately pre-eminent endowments of intuition and expression are too frequently accompanied by some physical, mental, or moral weakness tending to shorten or becloud a promising career. The finest spirits and organisations are most subject to fatal defects. The less brilliant, less impulsive, more deliberate workers not only attain but maintain their positions of authority, influence, and trust, while a succession of more gifted men fail and fall by their sides. If a man has not made his mark in journalism at forty he is not likely to make it afterwards. If he has made it then it depends on his own tastes, inclinations, or aspirations whether he will continue his journalistic work or change his career. There are those who find all the influence, pleasure, and satisfaction they care for in their editorial and sub-editorial or literary or reporting work. There are others who grow weary of what becomes to them the monotony, and sated with the gratifications of positions they may have filled for thirty or forty years. Some of them turn to the keener personal excitements of Municipal, Political, or even Parliamentary life. They seek not rest but change. In a few instances they have endeavoured to combine journalistic and Parliamentary work, but the combination has rarely proved successful. Journalism as a profession is a jealous mistress. A Member of Parliament, if he attends properly to his duties, must also give his whole time to them. Several of the most brilliant journalists of our time have found after a trial that they must either give up their seats or their journalistic correspondence; and some have decided to return to journalism, and some to retain their seats.

Great changes have occurred in journalism since the writer became connected with it more than fifty years ago. Then the principal journal in a large English town, published weekly, had only an editor and reporter. When in 1851 he was appointed editor of the *Dundee Advertiser*—then published twice a week—he also discharged all the duties of sub-editor, reviewer, dramatic critic, and descriptive writer. In those days a journalist was expected to write almost every line of original matter in his journal. Prior to that men like Mr. Rintoul, one of the first editors of the *Dundee Advertiser*, and afterwards founder of the *Spectator*, were known to re-write almost all the news columns. That is impossible now. The division of labour is carried out in daily newspapers so that there are frequently a dozen or score of men doing what was formerly done by one. There is not the same strain on individuals, except it be on the heads of departments, and that for briefer periods and with longer intervals of rest. This division of labour is perhaps less favourable to the development of special ability. And yet the law of the survival of the fittest undoubtedly avails. A young man with ability if he does not find will make for

himself opportunities for manifesting that ability, and employers, as a rule, are ready and eager to avail themselves of it. Unhappily, sometimes through indolence, sometimes through a crooked perversity of nature, some youths throw away opportunities for distinguishing themselves. A man who always rises to the occasion will generally rise to the top of his profession. Without attempting any strict definition of journalism, but speaking of it roundly as a profession, it will be admitted that its range is far more extensive than ever it was before. It presents great varieties of employment for different orders of ability—literary, artistic, and scientific. In its managerial and commercial departments there is scope for the most alert and enterprising business faculty. In none of these departments would it be wise to fix a time limit of service at forty years of age. Some men are only coming to the best of their powers at that age. Perhaps the most important part of the world's work is done by men between the ages of forty and sixty. And as there are distinguished septuagenarians and octogenarians in the legal, medical, and clerical professions, so as time goes on more and more of them may be found in journalism. JOHN LENG.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—But for the extreme pressure of work I at present have to endure, I would gladly respond to your invitation to give you my views on the subject of whether there is any career for journalists after forty. I am seventy-four this month, and for forty years I have contributed on the average from one to three columns per day, and have in addition borne up under the brain fritter involved in newspaper management.

Frankly, I don't like either the new journalism or the new men who work it. It is more American than English, and although it has some good points, it is on the whole undignified, spasmodic, superficial; and if it be characterised by the sublime cocksureness of young writers untroubled with doubts, unfettered with scruples, unencumbered with facts, and too prone to be the parasites rather than the preceptors, and the toadies rather than the tutors of a novelty-loving public, its introducers have at least this soothing consolation that not one in a hundred of their readers has troubled to read up the antecedents of great public questions, or really knows any more of the subjects written upon than do the happy youths who fancy that they know more by intuition than veterans do by experience and observation. On the other hand age has its defects; it is unemotional, cynical, and blasé; age dwells in the cold shadow of doubt, and looks askance at the sixpenny telegram style and at the Cheap-John self-puffery which causes the new journalism to resemble in its loudness the thumping of gongs, the ringing of bells, and the shouting of Hi! Hi! Hi! done to attract notice at a country fair. If conceit were capacity, and every man a great artist who painted with a bold hand and a big brush; if dogmatic assertion, made with all the positiveness of the travelling charlatan who beats a big drum, could be seriously accepted as a substitute for thought; if shrieky cross-heads, and blatant playbill type, and ugly block advertisements could be recognised as improvements on the decorous get-up of old-fashioned journals; if jerky, perky snippets of sentences could pass for samples taken from the "well of English, pure and undefiled," who would not give an encouraging welcome to latter-day journalism? The younger men have freshness, energy, vigour, imaginativeness, resourcefulness, initiative, and immense self-confidence, but the buoyancy of too many of them resembles the buoyancy of the empty barrel which fares well in the roughest of seas simply because there is so little in it and its lightness keeps it always at the top. I could say more, but I have already said more than I intended, and if you care to reprint any part of this communication, be good enough to print it simply as the view of a veteran journalist in the Provinces who has delighted in combating popular errors and exposing and rebuking popular vices, and who has, notwithstanding his uncompromising independence, made his enterprise a not inconsiderable business success. —Yours very faithfully, W. C. LENG.

Oaklands, Sheffield, 21st January, 1899.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—What is so loosely—Mr. H. D. Traill and Mr. Walter Raleigh would say, and with too much truth, so journalistically—termed the personal equation counts for so much that it seems impossible to give a positive answer to this very interesting question. In ordinary businesses a man over forty who is, and takes pains to keep, in good health, finds his "disciplined judgment" and "ripe experience" quite as marketable commodities as the "go" and self-confidence of five-and-twenty. No doubt journalism, as the unhealthiest of the professions, kills those who take to it ten years sooner than any other. Yet a journalist who, not content with being a man of the present, is so far a man of the future as to abstain from alcohol and tobacco, to eat as little as Cardinal Manning, to sleep as much as he can and whenever he can, and of whom it may be said as truly as was said of Hawthorne by himself—which is highly probable, as newspaper men are socially the most neglected and (apparently) negligible of all human quantities—that "Destiny has been worsted in the attempt to get him out to dinner," may reasonably contemplate being fairly active up to threescore. If journalism, however, undergoes some violent transformation, there is no saying what may happen. "One of the New Brigade" says that journalism is "the art of seeing the passing show in a young vivid, vital way." If "One" means that British journalism is to be Yellow-journalised and "Johnnie"-ized, to become a hideous compost of screaming editorials, flaring headlines, crude impressionism in black and white, and degrading tattle "mainly about people," then, I admit, men above forty will be useless, and the sooner they take to stone-breaking or some other honest industry the better. So long, however, as a relentless climate keeps us serious as a nation, journalism is likely to be fundamentally serious also, and it will fall naturally to men above forty to do the more solid work in connection with it. It seems to be more reasonable to predict a rearrangement of British journalistic work than a startling revolution in its methods—a change which would find room for both five-and-forty and five-and-twenty, instead of bundling the former without even an old age pension out of "the office" into the street.—Yours faithfully, WILLIAM WALLACE.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—It all depends on the man. It is not age that counts in journalism, but capacity; and whether a man be over sixty or under twenty, if he possesses the qualities which go to make up what is popularly called "the journalistic instinct," he is fit to assist in the production of a newspaper. But if there is to be an age-limit in journalism why fix it at forty? Surely the bloom does not go off things at that age? I cannot tell from personal experience, as I have still some years before me on the bright side of forty, but I will not believe that after that age some blight falls upon a man which renders him unfit to take a shorthand note, to write a leading article or a descriptive sketch, to sub-edit "copy" or to discharge the functions of an editor. In politics or statecraft a man of forty is only beginning life. Mr. Balfour, who has passed his fiftieth year, is frequently called "a young statesman." In the legal and medical professions to be forty is to have the future still before one. Why should it be that in journalism, of all walks of life, the man of forty has only his past to look forward to, as they say in Ireland?

In fact I am disposed to think that in many respects the journalist improves with age—say up to sixty. Youth and the mere ability to write will not of themselves make a man a good journalist. Youth may have its enthusiasm, its aspirations, its enterprise—splendid qualities, I admit, for journalism—but it also has its immaturity. Now, experience tells in journalism—there is no kind of experience, no sort of information that will not increase the professional capacity of a journalist, and experience, knowledge of the world of men and affairs, is only obtained in the passing of the years. Age also brings a clearer vision, a wider outlook, broader views, a sounder judgment, a keener sense of responsibility; and who will deny that these qualities are essential to a capable journalist? It has been said that a man is only as old as he feels. That is just it. So long as a journalist retains an interest in his work, no matter how many years may have passed him by, his career cannot be said to be over. MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—It depends upon the journal and the journalist. Men over forty are obviously more useful to *The Times* than to the *Daily Mail*. There is a future for the newspapers of both types and of others between. The happy youth can do many things. His chastened senior knows what not to do. That is the point. The credit of a paper may be quickly established by achievements, but it recovers very slowly from mistakes. At least three instances in London journalism of the last dozen years will at once occur to you. On the other hand, men after forty commonly lose their mobility of idea, which is apt to be fatal. Forty-tude (if we may lay rude hands upon the word we need for this discussion) tends to make all men Melbournes who want to let it alone. The occurrence of forty made no difference to the mental activity of Mr. George Meredith, for instance, who is understood to have taken long walks. Let us all take long walks.—Yours faithfully,

LOUIS GARVIN.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, January 12th, 1899.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

AN interesting discussion that has agitated the newspapers for some weeks past, and which has treated of a supposed meeting between Mr. Browning, the poet, and Mr. Disraeli, the politician, serves to remind one of Browning's "Half-Rome," and "The Other Half-Rome." Not even the murder of Pompilia in "The Ring and the Book" has so many sides to it as has this supposed meeting between Disraeli and Browning. Mr. Lionel Tollemache, Canon MacColl, Mr. G. W. Russell, and others, have all taken part and given their different versions of what Disraeli said to Browning and what Browning said to Disraeli. Lord George Hamilton writes to the *Times* to explain that Disraeli said nothing to Browning at all, and finally we have the *Evening News*, a journal which, with all its success, we do not usually look to for literary information, coming forward with the following oracular utterance:—

> We repeat once more, and for the last time, that Disraeli said nothing, because he never in all his life conversed with Browning. This, at any rate, we happen to know, will be assented to by one who speaks with more authority concerning Disraeli than any other man now living. Browning addressed Disraeli; and Disraeli bowed profoundly, and silently withdrew.

Of course, the individual who speaks of Disraeli with more authority than any other now living must be Lord Rowton, who was at one time private secretary to the famous statesman, and whose elevation to the peerage drew from Lord Sherbrooke the humorous suggestion that the only analogy was to be found when Caligula raised his favourite horse to the consulship.

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What Lord Rowton and others, who have taken the view that Disraeli snubbed Browning on the one occasion on which these two famous men met, lose sight of is the serious reflection upon Disraeli which their story conveys—a reflection so great that one refuses, even in the presence of so much evidence, to think that they can possibly be correct. Mr. Disraeli often showed that he had a genuine deference for letters. Himself the son of a bibliomaniac, he had written both fiction and biography, which had their vogue, and he was the first Prime Minister to conceive that the literary profession as such was worthy of State recognition. Macaulay, and those of his predecessors who had received honours, had all been active partisans; but Disraeli had proposed a State recognition of two men who had stood aloof from most of the party-fights of the hour—Alfred Tennyson and Thomas Carlyle—both of whom, in fact, were more or less political antagonists of his own. I find it hard to believe, under the circumstances, that Disraeli was guilty of what was practically an insult to Browning.

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Disraeli had far too keen a sense of the relative position of literature and politics not to have known that the politician is ephemeral, but the man of letters—provided he be a great man of letters—eternal. In another generation there will be but the vaguest memory of Disraeli the Prime Minister, and Disraeli the novelist is not great enough to have more than a casual place in the history of literature. Our grandchildren, we may be sure, will scarcely read a

line of "Tancred" and "Lothair." This point was argued with considerable eloquence by Mr. Gladstone on the occasion of a voyage to Norway with Lord Tennyson. He took occasion in a speech that he made at some place where the party landed to remark on the immeasurably-greater immortality of the man of letters than of the statesman. Mr. Gladstone must have been thinking of the men who exiled Dante. We think of such a statesman as Pulteney, who Macaulay declared to be the greatest Leader of Opposition that Parliament had ever seen—of Newcastle, and even more recently of such men as Melbourne and Palmerston. All these are fast becoming mere names, and one sees in a moment how very transient all this political fame really is

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There was, however, I imagine, a possibility of securing to Disraeli an immortality which has been denied to most statesmen, and that would have been secured had he possessed a Boswell. Some of us hoped that Lord Rowton was to be the Boswell, and for many years it was expected that he would write a life of Disraeli. The book, however, has never been written. The many glimpses we get of Disraeli in the Reminiscences of Lord Ronald Gower and in the "Disraeli and his Day" of the late Sir William Fraser lead one to see what an exceptional work might have been made about Disraeli. Perhaps, however, he will only be preserved to our descendants in the novels of "Anthony Hope" and "John Oliver Hobbes."

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If in some small degree the children of our age are less merry than those of an earlier generation, which I am disinclined to believe, the fault is due to the superfluity of their toys, and not to the books that they read. Perhaps the cheapening of toys to an extent that has made them possible in large numbers to the children of even the poorer middle class will do something to stultify the inventive faculty. Those of us who can look back some years recall that we made many of our own toys, that dolls' houses and carts and similar delights were then constructed out of a few pieces of wood. To-day they are purchased for sums too trifling to make that at all worth while. But in the reading of children there has been an extraordinary revolution, and it is all to the advantage of the children of the present.

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If some of us can be counted in any degree as prigs to-day, I think we may blame "Sandford and Merton," which was not only, as Lord Houghton called it, "the delight of the youth of the first generation of this century," but was read religiously by many of the present generation when they were boys. We may be thankful, however, that we escaped Mrs. Fenwick and Mrs. Turner, although those estimable ladies would seem to have written a decade or so later than Thomas Day of "Sandford and Merton." In a series called "The Dumpy Books for Children," Mr. Grant Richards has published the "Cautionary Stories" of Mrs. Turner and "The Bad Family" of Mrs. Fenwick. May Mr. Richards sell these books by the thousand among the adult population of these islands, and may they be read with abundant zest by all parents with a sense of humour; but heaven forbid that they should really be allotted to children!

Mr. E. V. Lucas, the editor of the "Dumpy Books," who is rapidly making a name for himself as one of the most capable of our younger critics, evidently chuckles in his sleeve, if I may judge from his prefaces, at the suggestion that children to-day should be quite as unbearable as those venerable ladies tried to make them. As these books are clearly meant for adults to-day, I could have wished that Mr. Lucas had told us something about the lives of their authors, the more especially as I look in vain among the Turners and Fenwicks of the "Dictionary of National Biography" for these estimable women. Mrs. Turner's rhymes reveal to us a whole army of prigs. There is the "Good Scholar," who is a detestable coward, and to whom accordingly all good things come; and there is "Ben," who mounts a horse with commendable boyishness when he is told not to do so, and is lamed for life in consequence. Our moral code, indeed, has been entirely revolutionised since Mrs. Turner's day. We hate her heroes; her bad boys and girls alone are interesting. "The Bad Family" and "The Good Family" of Mrs. Fenwick are equally undesirable examples for children, and must have conduced equally, in the days when these books were popular, to the manufacture of prigs.

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Mr. F. Anstey must have had these terrible moral tales in his mind when he wrote "Paleface and Redskin, and Other Stories," which Mr. Richards has published as a kind of antidote to the "Dumpy Books." In the story entitled "The Good Little Girl," we are made to detest Priscilla Prodgers, who might have walked out of Mrs. Turner's nursery. Priscilla is a prig who desires to put everyone right, and her adventures and final reformation are duly set forth by Mr. Anstey with a kindly humour the like of which must have been wholly unknown to the moral story-tellers of the beginning of the century.

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When one receives a book with the printed injunction, "*all reference to this book in the press is deprecated*," one feels that the Golden Age has arrived. We who are more or less pressmen—a hateful word—respect such self-abnegation and are silent. Mr. C. M. Falconer, of Dundee, to whom I am indebted for the book in question, releases me, however, from the vow of silence concerning his "New Friendship's Garland," and thus gives me an opportunity of thanking him in the pages of a widely circulating literary journal for two interesting additions to my library. One of these, "Specimens of a Bibliography of the Works of Andrew Lang," is dated 1889, and "A New Friendship's Garland" is dated 1899. Mr. Lang is the hero of both volumes, and he cannot but appreciate this hero-worship, not of a moment, but of ten years at least. The bibliography, as its title implies, is not complete, but it is a careful and well-compiled summary of Mr. Lang's writings, from "The Ballads and Lyrics of Old France" in 1872 to the volume of "Lost Leaders" which Mr. Pett Ridge—then at the beginning of a career now marked by brilliant achievement—collected from the *Daily News* in 1889.

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The "New Friendship's Garland" is not for sale, and only sixty copies have been printed for the contributors and a few friends of the ingenious compiler. Its contents have

no relation to Matthew Arnold, as the title might imply, but to Mr. Andrew Lang, who is here the subject of forty-two laudatory poems and ballades. The authors include literary veterans of the distinction of R. L. Stevenson, F. Locker-Lampson, Mr. Henley, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Gosse, and Sir Frederick Pollock, while the younger generation knocking at the door is represented by Mr. W. P. Ryan and Mr. J. M. Bulloch. Mr. Stevenson's oft-quoted lines to

Dear Andrew, with the brindled hair,

are here, and many another touch of genuine humour and inspiration. It seems almost a pity that so remarkable a testimony to the high esteem in which Mr. Lang is held by his contemporaries should be limited to a mere handful of readers, although of course many of the poems are to be found in the books of the respective authors.

CLEMENT SHORTER.

THE READER.

ITALICS IN FICTION.

THE novels crowding the reviewer's table form a very interesting, if somewhat amusing, study. It is, of course, necessary for their success that they should contain a certain amount of local colour. This, according to the rules of novel-writing, need not be in detail, but there must be slight artistic touches, or pointed asides, to appeal to the reader who knows the spot. That single reader, if impressed by the accuracy of the description, will never fail to sing the praises of the book, and thus advertise it to his fellows. Dickens took the greatest pains to be accurate in his local colour, and many modern novels have, it must be admitted, been admirable in this respect. Their writers have made their studies on the spot, be it in East End slums, in Scotch villages, or on the West Coast of Africa, producing excellent books, full of vivid and realistic descriptions. But alas! these are few. The reviewer, if he be anything of a cosmopolitan, knows too well the horrible blunders made by the majority of modern novelists. Without being hypercritical of my fellow-writers, I confess to viewing with some amusement the many and absurd errors which, by the exercise of a little care, might be avoided. In dealing with their own country glaring mistakes are frequent, but when their scenes are laid on the Continent of Europe their floundering is oft-times a very regrettable spectacle.

In the novels issued during the past year I have noticed errors regarding Continental life and habits which, considering the popularity and standing of their writers, are really surprising. First, in a knowledge of European languages the average novelist seems hopelessly deficient. He may know French, or even have a smattering of German, but beyond that he is compelled to resort to the usual hackneyed ejaculations and expressions which have remained unaltered in fiction for the past twenty years. The present-day writer still continues, if narrating a dialogue, say in French, to put the first word of the sentence in that language, and the remainder in English, the reason of this being a complete mystery. A sentence such as "'*Oui*,' she said. 'But I cannot,'" is of frequent occurrence. Plain English throughout is surely best if the writer's knowledge of French is so extremely hazy. Again, in several recent romances by our most popular writers where the scenes are laid in France of bygone days we are regaled with these disjointed words in modern Parisian, while in every story with a Belgian atmosphere, without a single exception, we have the characters speaking that pure French which is taught as an "extra" in English young ladies' academies. Indeed, a few weeks ago a book passed through my hands dealing with the Luxemburg Ardennes, the local colour of which was excellent and without doubt studied on the spot, yet there we had a little shepherd-girl in a remote village speaking the French of the boulevards! Probably the author could not, on hearing the language spoken, detect the difference between French and Walloon.

Has anyone ever read a Russian novel by an English writer which did not contain those half-dozen familiar words in italics—*samovar*, *mujik*, *vodki*, *stoi*, *shuba*, and *telega*? They seem to be the stock words of the romancer when dealing with Russian subjects, just as "high-life" and "shocking" are the two English words most found in the Boulevard journals, and "*Bismillah*" is the keynote of the Arab romance. As far as I remember, I have never seen a single whole sentence in Russian in any English novel. To quote one instance of the amazing ignorance of the modern novelist regarding matters Russian, and of the danger of working up local colour from guide-books, there was in a Russian novel by one of our most prominent writers, issued about a year ago, a description of a *samovar*—the usual *samovar*—which we are told looked beautiful and shining, as though it had only just come out of the—"Bazaar." This touch of local colour satisfied the English reader that the writer was acquainted with Moscow. But, on the contrary, the writer's work falls hopelessly to pieces when it is remembered that this "Bazaar" is one of the principal hotels in the city. The novelist had taken the word "bazaar" to mean a cheap shop!

Again, the descriptions of Russian revolutionists and Russian police—always called the Third Section—are invariably ridiculous. Why the police should be called the Third Section is another unsolved mystery. I once lent one of the most popular and thrilling Russian novels—one that had sold in England and America by tens of thousands—to a very prominent Russian writer and critic who had spent fifteen years in Siberia on account of his revolutionary writings. He returned it gravely, saying: "There is not a single sound fact in it from cover to cover! Such a book does the cause of Russian Freedom more harm than good. I don't wonder at the Press Bureau prohibiting such rubbish from entering Russia!" And this was a work at that moment on everyone's tongue in England; a real serious work which made its author's reputation and brought him instantly to the front, and about which clergymen preached, taking the facts as genuine!

A writer extremely well known speaks in one of his books of "a rudderless chaos." If a chaos can be rudderless, which may be open to doubt, this expression might be well applied to the novelist who attempts studies either of the Roman Catholic religion, or of Italian life. Of recent years, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Marion Crawford and Mr. Max Pemberton, not a single author has written an Italian novel without going hopelessly to pieces. The chief

pitfall is, of course, the language. We find characters in Naples speaking most perfect phrase-book Tuscan, Venetians speaking faultless Genoese, Corsicans chattering in Piedmontese, and Milanese conversing in the language of Calabria, all of which is extremely diverting to the reader who chances to know anything of those dialects. As an illustration, in a novel by a well-known writer heralded by considerable advertisement, and issued a few weeks ago by one of the first publishing firms, we find the following dialogue:—

"*Come sta ella?*" quoth the grave old man. "*Parla ella italiano, Signore?*"

"*Non molto,*" stammered Martin, astonished at being addressed in modern Italian by this venerable Biblical-looking host of his. "*Appena. Parla ella inglese?*"

Extremely "modern Italian"—this Italian of the novelist, and what renders it worse is that the quotation is jerked in for no apparent purpose other than to show the writer's knowledge of the language. Again, every novelist is fond, when dealing with Italian subjects, of using the words "*Bene*" or "*Benissimo.*" Yet we never find it "*Va bene*" or "*Va benissimo,*" as it should be, save perhaps in the pages of Ouida. We have, too, almost invariably "*Signore*" where it should be "*Signor,*" "*Si*" for "yes"—never "*Ja,*" the most common word in Tuscan, or pure Italian, and used by prince and peasant alike. Generally, indeed, by a glance at the italics one can discover which phrase-book the stay-at-home author has used in his endeavour to give the British public a picture of the Sunny South, and the stilted and altogether extraordinary Italian which meanders through the pages of modern fiction is simply astounding. When the contadino of the Maremma speaks from Bradshaw's phrase-book, as he so often does, he becomes, indeed, a remarkable and very fictional figure. The novelist cheerfully puts the same words into the mouth of a character from the district around Bari, as into the mouth of a Livornese, yet if in real life the two were to meet they would probably not understand three words of each other's conversation. Of such are the italics in fiction.

In hundreds of novels, especially those of lady authors—from Ouida to Mavis Clare, I bow to them in respect—there are descriptions more or less incorrect of the iniquities of Monte Carlo. Personally, I know of no novel which gives an absolute correct account of play there. The novelist's rules of roulette—generally miscalled *rouge et noir*—are hopelessly wrong. The interesting character in fiction who goes to Monte Carlo never fails to play with higher stakes than the Administration permits, and always wins utterly impossible sums. Never once, to my knowledge, has a writer of romance been able to wholly avoid the many pitfalls in describing the easy, yet extremely involved game of roulette, and as for trente-et-quarante few novelists have ever been bold enough to refer to it. Monte Carlo sounds reckless, and therefore a scene there always "grips," even if written by one who has never presented his card at the bureau. We have read in modern fiction of cliffs at Nice, of golden sands at Genoa, of caves at Southend-on-Sea, and of the "clear and beautiful Arno," while the familiar French villain, whose command of English is so perfect that his nationality is concealed, is frequently described as though he really existed. One feels inclined, when reading of the latter linguistical prodigy, to ask him to pronounce the single word "with." A buxom heroine I discovered on the day of writing this article had "a skin soft as suede," while another young lady was, we are told, very "desirable-looking." The latter term I had always believed was only used in advertisements under "Houses to Let." Another hero I came across the other day in a book professing to describe journalistic London walked from Hyde Park Corner to Hounslow Heath in an hour, a distance of eleven miles! Surely such a walker would have made more money at pedestrianism than as a hack-journalist.

Such defects as these render the very best novels unconvincing. Women will read a book if it be by a known author and pronounce it good, but male readers, apt to be critical, especially if of cosmopolitan habit, will quickly discover the errors and sneer at them. The novelist, however careful he may be of his style, however earnest in his "note," however pathetic in his love episodes, damns his book utterly if he allows one single slip in his italics. The annoying discovery that the author is ignorant of the foreign tongue he quotes, or does not personally know the locality he describes, is sufficient to cause the reader to toss the book aside in disgust and ridicule. Therefore on that account, and in order to render stories really convincing, the greatest care should be exercised, even by those whose names stand first in their publishers' lists.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CELTS IN THE WORKSHOP.

MRS. HINKSON in the January BOOKMAN, and Miss Fiona Macleod in the January number of the *Fortnightly Review* have touched questions of keen interest not only to Celts, but to all who are concerned with the phases and trends of current literature. Miss Macleod is necessarily the more comprehensive. Mrs. Hinkson (in her review of the novel by Mrs. Rhys) was bound to be casual, certainly not so considered as in other critical work we have had from her, though a few of her points merit special study. Both ladies—and they may take the assertion as a compliment—are more individual and illuminating in their creative than in their critical work. Miss Macleod in the *Fortnightly* article ("A Group of Celtic Writers") says many necessary things. Her protest against the latter-day tendency to treat writers as sectional, regional, and geographical; her test of imaginative work—"out of how deep a life does it come"—all this is excellent. Yet in some respects she seems to write primarily for her own satisfaction, to address herself, if one may so speak, rather than to interest and guide the outsider; and therefore her thoughtful essay just misses being what it might be: a convincing statement of later Celtic moods and ideals, a literary landmark, a criticism that "marks time."

Miss Macleod does well to draw attention to that large and not sufficiently understood body of tradition and legend which, directly or indirectly, is the basis of so much Irish work, good, bad, and indifferent; to show where a writer like Mr. W. B. Yeats restates rather than originates. Nothing that she says regarding the visionary power of Mr. Yeats or the sense of beauty of Mr. George Russell ("A. E.") is beyond the just requirements of the case. But

on one point, at any rate, she is too charitable. A fault, a danger, of both writers is their imperfect expression; an imperfection on the subject of which they seem to grow more and more heedless. No doubt with legendary as with epic poetry it is necessary for the reader to make himself acquainted as far as possible with the poet's groundwork or materials. The poet is not called upon to prefix an explanatory mythological or legendary dictionary to his work. Nevertheless, after a very tolerable acquaintance with Irish legend, a reader has a considerable difficulty in following Mr. Yeats at times. He is arbitrary and obscure. Apart from this, a good deal of his late work, quoted and praised by Miss Macleod, seems merely trite English, with no high cast of poetry, no magic mould of expression. It seems rather to give a poet's first impressions in rough lines and tentative jottings—beautiful indeed from the tentative point of view, but neither inevitable nor final; we see the stages rather than the high consummation; if I may use a familiar and homely illustration, we see too much of the workshop. It is as if Keats were satisfied with some such phrasing as this:

> It may be such sweet song
> Echoed in Ruth's heart
> When she pined for home
> In the corn-lands of the stranger,

or indeed something very much plainer than this, instead of the memorable lines:

> Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
> Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

Indeed one has often wondered on first reading some of the recent poems of Mr. Yeats if they were really plain and literal translations from the Gaelic. The poet must always be greater than his materials, must be their master, and give them the halo of a new spiritual magic. With myths and legends, as we have practically lost their primal appeal, and environment, we must see that in a new language and a new time, while retaining the spirit, the sense and significance must be at least as poetical and as worthy, as fresh for their own day, as the lost ones.

Mr. Russell and Mr. Yeats have a keen sense of beauty. It is a charm—when suggested or expressed so that the reader can feel and realise it, rather than when the singer treats it as an abstraction or as a proud family possession. In Mr. Russell and Mr. Yeats the talk of "old beauty" and "eternal beauty wandering on her way" is becoming dangerously and unfortunately like a literary trick. Miss Macleod's praise of Miss Little's line about "the beauty at the heart of things" is strangely overdone or unconsidered. We can all *refer* to "the beauty at the heart of things." But it is the language of criticism. The poet, dealing with quite other things, allows us to see the beauty, or at least to realise it.

Miss Macleod, as well as Mr. Yeats, seems bent on a curious narrowing of the Celtic literary function. It may be very well to revive the thought and spirit of that remote primeval shepherd and hunter of whom we have heard so much. The great point, first of all, is to know that he thought to some purpose. Portions of Gaelic literature tend to reassure us on the matter; but a great many interesting things for thought have happened since the years and winds whitened the hair of that ancient shepherd. I hardly think Miss Macleod would claim that he was wiser than a Celt like Mr. Meredith, for instance. Beyond this, the Celt has always had a passion and a genius for learning. Even in the mediæval days which Miss Macleod seems to despise there was patent evidence of that fact. We cannot forget it in any vision of a renascence or a finding of our selves. In any case, it is patently amusing to hear as we do of how old and tired the world is, and how necessary it is that we should turn it back, and cool its parched brows as it were, in the primeval well-springs. It seems after all a rather young, elementary, and unexhausted globe. The mental sciences, too, are getting on the track of many fresh and fascinating things of which the primitive hunter had no systematic knowledge, though, as Mr. Lang shows, he must have had gleams or at least inklings of them. There is no doubt that poetry must profit eventually by those discoveries. I do not mean that the poet should be necessarily a scientist; he has avenues of vision quite as reliable, perhaps, as the scientist's. But there is no reason, taking the large view, why he should not profit by the results of science. Truth is many-sided, and one province of the poet is, in Joubert's phrase, to steep truth in the soul. At all events the Celt cannot be stationary or reactionary when all life and nature are evolutionary.

In passing one may observe that in modern Celtic poets there is little playfulness, no wise laughter. They look on both as evil things. In expressed poetry indeed their place can hardly be a salient one as a rule, but we may be quite sure that a poetic nature without play and laughter is as a sea without salt.

As to Mrs. Hinkson and Irish fiction, the Celt and woman fallen from virtue, the Land League, and other things, the comprehensive student must find many points for dissent. It is rather a large question, for Ireland is not a simple locality but a very mixed and complex country. Speaking generally, the later Irish novelists have not had a large, a deep, a matured vision of Irish life. Their imagination (using the word in the great sense) has been at fault. They have given us much casual and outside material, and raw matter certainly not steeped in soul, to use an earlier phrase. They have not taken the fuller and more peculiar Irish characters, or they give no hint for example that Ireland has evolved such types as Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Healy, Thomas Davis, John Boyle O'Reilly, Isaac Butt, Dr. Croke, Mr. Yeats, Dr. Sigerson,—to choose a few haphazard—and for a character like Diana we have had to go to Mr. Meredith. In presentation they have been too often conventional, in style elementary. But at all events the ground is rich in possibilities. Only let us see more vision, more soul, more art, more vital results, and less of the workshop.

W. P. RYAN.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. J. Thackray Bunce, on his retirement from the editorship of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, has been presented by the members of the literary staff with a silver punch-bowl, a silver-mounted tusk paper-knife, and an illuminated address signed by every one of the subscribers. The presentation took place at Mr. Bunce's house on Saturday, January 7th. It was made by Mr. A. H. Coultney, the present editor. Interesting reminiscences, illustrative of the leading part taken by Mr.

Bunce, securing for the *Post* its eminent position among provincial papers, and of the excellent personal relations always existing between the editor and his staff, were contributed by Mr. Alfred Feeney, Mr. J. J. Hadley, Mr. Spencer Yapp, and Mr. D. Barron Brightwell, whose connection with the paper ranges from forty to twenty years. The typographical "companionship" of the *Daily Post* has presented to Mr. Bunce a smoker's cabinet, and a presentation is being arranged for by the district and other correspondents of the paper. Mr. Bunce will be the guest of the Birmingham Press Club at a dinner to be held on February 25th, when the President (Sir E. Russell) will take the chair, and the past President (Sir J. Willox) is also expected to attend.

Mr. W. P. Byles has terminated his connection with the *Bradford Observer*, which has lasted for forty-six years, and during thirty-three of which he has been one of the proprietors. The business will now be carried on by Mr. A. R. Byles and Mr. F. G. Byles, who have taken into partnership Mr. William Harrison, who has been managing editor for a long period, Mr. R. M. Wheeler, the chief of the literary staff, Mr. S. Smith, commercial manager, and Mr. H. N. Byles, also a member of the staff.

Mr. Beadenall will in future write the Parliamentary Summary in the Commons for the *Times*. Mr. Beadenall is a barrister, and is well known in the Reporters' Gallery. Mr. Thompson Cooper, who has long been on the Gallery staff of the *Times*, will, commencing with the ensuing Session, write that paper's summary of the proceedings in the House of Lords.

Mr. W. Longden, who has been engaged on the reporting staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Robilliard as London sub-editor. His place in Manchester is taken by Mr. A. M. Drysdale, formerly of the *Yorkshire Post*.

Mr. Atkins has been appointed to succeed Mr. Mundella as the Parliamentary sketch-writer for the *Manchester Guardian*. Mr. Atkins acted as one of the correspondents of the *Guardian* in the Græco-Turkish war, and has been engaged also as a leader-writer.

Mr. T. C. Cowen, one of the best-known journalists in the Far East, was shot in the neck at Manilla on November 26th, and is now in hospital at Hong Kong. Mr. Cowen's father is editor of the *York Evening Press*, and he has a brother on the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle's* staff.

Mr. S. H. B. Glanville, the editor and one of the proprietors of the *Western Times*, Exeter, died on December 20th at Exeter.

Mr. F. H. Bacon, hon. sec. of the East Midlands District of the Institute of Journalists, has, in conjunction with Mr. A. Bodington, hon. treasurer of the district, been entrusted with the sub-editorial command of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian*. During the past five years Mr. Bacon has been connected with the reporting staff of the same journal, and formerly he was engaged in journalistic work at Stamford (Lincs.), Glastonbury and Bridgwater (Somt.). Mr. Bodington has been associated with the *Nottingham Daily Guardian* fifteen years, seven on the reporting staff and eight as assistant sub-editor.

Mr. W. B. Robinson, of the *Grimsby Daily Mail*, has joined the *Castleford Herald*. He is succeeded by Mr. F. Woodman, of the *Bristol Times and Mirror*.

The annual meeting of the Liverpool District members of the Newspaper Press Fund took place at the Press Club, Liverpool, on January 17th. Sir J. A. Willox, M.P., presided. In presenting the annual report, Mr. H. G. Robinson, the local hon. secretary, spoke eloquently of the value of the Fund to journalists, and warmly commended it to the non-members who were present. During the proceedings a telegram was received by Sir J. A. Willox asking his acceptance of the treasurership of the Fund, which had become vacant by the death of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild. The chairman's notification of his acceptance of the treasurership gave much satisfaction to the meeting.

Mr. G. D. Goman, for two or three years managing-editor of the *Hampshire Observer*, Winchester, and formerly sub-editor of the *Surrey Times*, Guildford, has joined the staff of the *South-Western Comet* at Wimbledon.

Mr. John Rigby, for fourteen years editor of the *Uxbridge Gazette*, was married on January 7th, and received a handsome wedding gift from the reporting and general staff of that paper.

Mr. A. E. Cave, formerly of the *Northampton Mercury*, where he received his journalistic training, has been appointed sub-editor of *London* for provincial news.

Mr. L. S. Cholerton, of the *Northampton Daily Reporter*, has obtained an appointment on the *Berkhampstead Advertiser*.

Mr. J. W. Bell, of the *Peterborough Express*, was married on Boxing Day to Miss S. A. Bratby, also of Peterborough.

Mr. C. H. J. Butterfield, editor of the *Peterborough Standard*, who was elected a member of Peterborough City Council last November by a majority of one, has been unseated on a recount which gave a majority of two to his opponent.

Miss Azeline Lewis, of London, formerly of *Weldon's Journal*, has joined the staff of the *Birmingham Weekly Post*, and will have charge of the ladies' departments of the paper.

Alderman George Franklin, J.P., ex-Lord Mayor of Sheffield, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Sheffield Press Club to become President for another year. He has invited the Committee and other officials and various representative citizens to dinner at Sudcliffe Hall, Sheffield, on the 28th inst.

The Sheffield Press Club are arranging to enter into new and more extensive buildings this year, leaving Barker Pool for premises which are being specially built for them in West-street. The annual dinner takes place in March. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain have been invited.

Much regret is being felt among East Anglian journalists at the death of Mr. Richard Gowing. Mr. Gowing was in his usual health till the beginning of December. He was one of the vice-chairmen at the Sirdar banquet in November, and a few days later he took a prominent part in the proceedings connected with the lecture given by Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes on the Story of East Anglia. Recently he had been somewhat worried with the changes necessitated in the programme of the Cobden Club by the death of Mr. T. B. Potter. He became secretary of the Club twenty-one years ago, and it is impossible to over-estimate the solid work he did during the period for the cause of Free Trade. He was a native of Ipswich, and one of his earliest friends was James Spilling, late editor of the *Eastern Daily Press*. He acted as reporter for the *Ipswich Journal* when George Meredith was principal leader writer. Later, after a short association with Mr. Joseph Hatton, he became editor of the *School Board Chronicle* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He was one of the most lovable of men, and will be much missed by his many friends.

Various changes have been made during the past month in the get-up of the Birmingham Liberal evening paper, the *Daily Argus*. The earlier afternoon issues are now printed on a bluish-white paper, while for the pink of the later or "town" editions a sea-green tint, like that of the *Westminster Gazette*, has been adopted. The *Sports Argus*, published on Saturday night, will continue to be printed on pink. A new headpiece, embodying the Birmingham arms and one of the "hundred eyes," has been adopted for the front page, and other typographical changes have been made. In the machinery department arrangements have been made for dry-printing.

The *Birmingham Daily Post* has also lost the youngest member of its literary staff, Mr. Lilley, who for five or six years has served as junior reporter. With his father, Mr. James Lilley, who has been the publisher of the *Post* for forty years, Mr. Lilley is removing to Essex. Mr. Lilley, sen., has been presented by the "companionship" of the *Post* with a standard lamp; while Mr. Lilley jun.'s parting gift from his colleagues on the other floor was a smoker's cabinet of oak mounted with silver.

The saddest loss of all those which the *Birmingham Post* has sustained in recent years is that of Mr. Thomas William Mercer, who since the introduction of illustrations into the *Birmingham Weekly Post* has been the artist of that paper. Mr. Mercer, who received his early training in drawing in the Manchester School of Art, the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts, and in the Slade School in London, had a touch that was at once facile, true, and artistic. He was a born black and white artist, and his newspaper illustrations were remarkable for their simplicity, strength, and insight. He came to Birmingham from the *Richmond and Twickenham Times* office, where, in addition to newspaper work, he illustrated a history of Richmond. His death, in his twenty-sixth year, which took place at the Birmingham General Hospital on December 17th, after what had been believed to be a successful operation for abscess on the brain, deprived his colleagues of a bright and affectionate companion, and journalism of one of its most promising recruits.

Mr. Wiseman, of the *Yorkshire Weekly Post*, will succeed Mr. Mercer as artist in the office of the *Birmingham Weekly Post*. In the meantime, most of the illustrative work for the latter paper is being done by Mr. E. C. Mountfort, of the *Dart*, Mr. Percy Brown also contributing occasional sketches.

The re-arrangement of the *Birmingham Daily Mail* staff consequent on recent changes has been completed by the appointment of Mr. W. E. R. Whittell, the Aston district representative of the *Mail*, to the post vacated by Mr. G. B. Bashford. Mr. G. E. Busbridge, of the *Birmingham News*, has succeeded Mr. Whittell in the district work.

Mr. Amphlett, a smart young reporter, who has been seven years connected with the Press Association, joins the *Times* Parliamentary staff with the opening of Parliament.

Mr. James Creelman, who had for a considerable time acted as London editor for the *New York Journal*, has gone back to take up other work for that paper at the head office in New York. He has been replaced in London by Mr. Walter Howard, who acted as one of the war correspondents for the *Journal* from the beginning to the end of the Spanish-American war. It will be remembered, too, that Mr. Creelman at the commencement of the war was recalled to New York, and sent to the front. He went straight into the horrors of Cuba, and was right in the fighting lines at the memorable assault on El Caney, where he was severely wounded by a Spanish bullet.

Mr. John Foster Fraser, the World Wanderer on a bicycle, will do the Sketch of the Lords for the Leeds *Yorkshire Post* next Session. Mr. Fraser has had experience of Parliamentary work in the Commons, as he was once on the staff of the *Central News*. He has style and is a clever writer—*vide* his article in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*.

Various changes have taken place of late in the constitution of the staff of *Rhodesia*. Mr. A. Davis has once more taken over the editorship, having just returned from a trip to South Africa, while Mr. Howard Hensman, who has for some time been the chief of the reporting staff, and who is the only son of the editor of the *Allahabad Pioneer*, has been promoted to be assistant-editor, vice Mr. Newman Marks, who has severed all active connection with the paper.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. David Hodge, of the editorial staff of the Glasgow *Evening News*, has now taken up the duties of a London correspondent of that newspaper. Before leaving Glasgow, his fellow pressmen entertained him, and also presented him with a silver cigarette case and a purse of sovereigns.

Mr. Arthur Guthrie, of the *Ardrossan Herald*, has just completed the forty-sixth year of his occupancy of the editorial chair of that journal, probably the longest editorial service in Britain.

Mr. William Thomson, editor of the *Dumbarton and Lennox Herald*, has been entertained by his fellow townsmen on his retiral from public service.

The death has taken place of Mr. Charles Mackenzie, a versatile Glasgow journalist, at the age of thirty-nine years. He started on the *Glasgow Herald*, and was subsequently on the staffs of *Chambers' Journal*, the *Northern Whig* at Belfast, the *N. B. Daily Mail*, and the *Daily Record*, Glasgow. He was the author of a volume of poems. His health gave way about a year ago.

At the annual meeting of the Glasgow District of the Press Fund, it was reported that the membership was exactly 100, having increased by seven during the year. Mr. D. Howie, *Glasgow Herald*, was re-elected chairman of the district.

Mr. James A. C. Coutts has been promoted from the position of cashier to be commercial manager of the *Aberdeen Journal*, in succession to Mr. Geo. Esson, who has resigned.

Mr. Robert Bruce, who has been London correspondent for the *Aberdeen Journal* for the past four years, is about to join the Parliamentary staff of the *Glasgow Herald*. He will be succeeded by Mr. Douglas McIntyre, one of the *Aberdeen Free Press* London staff.

Mr. W. Milne Gibson, *Northern Figaro*, has been appointed chairman of the Aberdeen and North-East of Scotland District of the Institute of Journalists.

WALES.

The *Oswestry and Border Counties Advertizer* celebrated its jubilee in January of this year. With the issue of January 4th, 1899, the proprietors presented its readers with a large illustrated supplement giving accounts of interesting events during the last fifty years. The *Advertizer* is the only paper in North Wales and Shropshire which habitually presents illustrated specials to its subscribers. The year 1849 seems to have been a very important one for Oswestry, as in that year the first railway train ran into the town, and the Smithfield and the two markets were opened.

NEW BOOKS.

THOMAS HARDY'S WESSEX POEMS.*

This volume comes as a surprise to most of Mr. Hardy's readers, who had not guessed that, from time to time, during the last thirty years he has used the medium of verse for the expression of characteristic moods, and for the presentment of dramatic situations. But in the estimation of all who know his work other than superficially, he remains, as a poet, very nearly where he was before "Wessex Poems" saw the light. The strongest note of his fiction has been a poetical one. The creator of the tragedy of Jude, of the gracious comedy of Mellstock folks, of the Titanic personality of the Mayor of Casterbridge, the revealer of the untamed powers that sleep and wake mysteriously in Egdon Heath, is essentially a poet. Because prose has hitherto been his means of expression he has been subjected to prosaic tests, and damned because he could not always abide them. Though he has not taken time to perfect his secondary medium, there is ample evidence that it is not alien to his genius. Nor has he used it for the utterance of trifling moments. His verse might have been accidental, external, "occasional." This is not the case save for a few of the pieces, and these the least skilful. The rest are corroborative. He seems to me no greater as a poet because some of his essential poetry appears in isolation, without the terrestrial circumstance that must be a good part of the material of all prose fiction. The wonder is that he seems no less, when he uses a medium over which his mastery is capriciously uncertain. There is even more difference in the technique of his verse than there is in that of his illustrations, hints and beginnings these of a power that might have made a pictorial artist. But he has lyric craft as well as lyric impulse. Music is not the quality by which Mr. Hardy's verse justifies itself; yet the lilt and the quaver in the tragedy of "My Cicely" are of the true ballad tune.

I mounted a steed in the dawning
With acheful remembrance,
And made for the ancient West Highway
To far Exonb'ry.

Passing heaths, and the House of Long Sieging,
I neared the thin steeple
That tops the fair fane of Poore's olden
Episcopal see;

And, changing anew my onbearer,
I traversed the downland
Whereon the bleak hill-graves of Chieftains
Bulge barren of tree.

And still sadly onward, I followed
That Highway the Icen,
Which trails its pale riband down Wessex
O'er lynchet and lea.

Technical criticism of the poems is mere trifling. What imperfections are theirs lie on the surface, plain to the hastiest eye. Mr. Hardy has not taken himself so seriously as a verse-writer as to re-shape and niggle and burnish. But he has never committed the unpardonable sin; he is always perfectly coherent. It is less idle to say that some of the episodes treated, notably "The Burghers" and "Her Death and After," have not found a very happy form in verse. But one at least of the poems that relate or suggest a story, "At an Inn," must have been less impressive dealt with by the more explicit methods of prose.

In the matter and the sentiment there is nothing new to an old reader of Mr. Hardy. But his impulses and inspirations are seen in a concentrated light. His poems flash sudden flame on some characteristic and original mood, the dark path whereto must be sought for in his other work. His instinctive demand to speak truth as he knows it, to face the possibilities of human existence, is no more blurred in his verse than in his prose. But "A Meeting with Despair" is not its accurate utterance. Rather is such found in "The Temporary the All," placed for a sign in the forefront of the book, to give in brief his life-attitude and temper: no self-deception; acknowledgment of the limits of human fate; yet no lowering of ideals to the level of attainment.

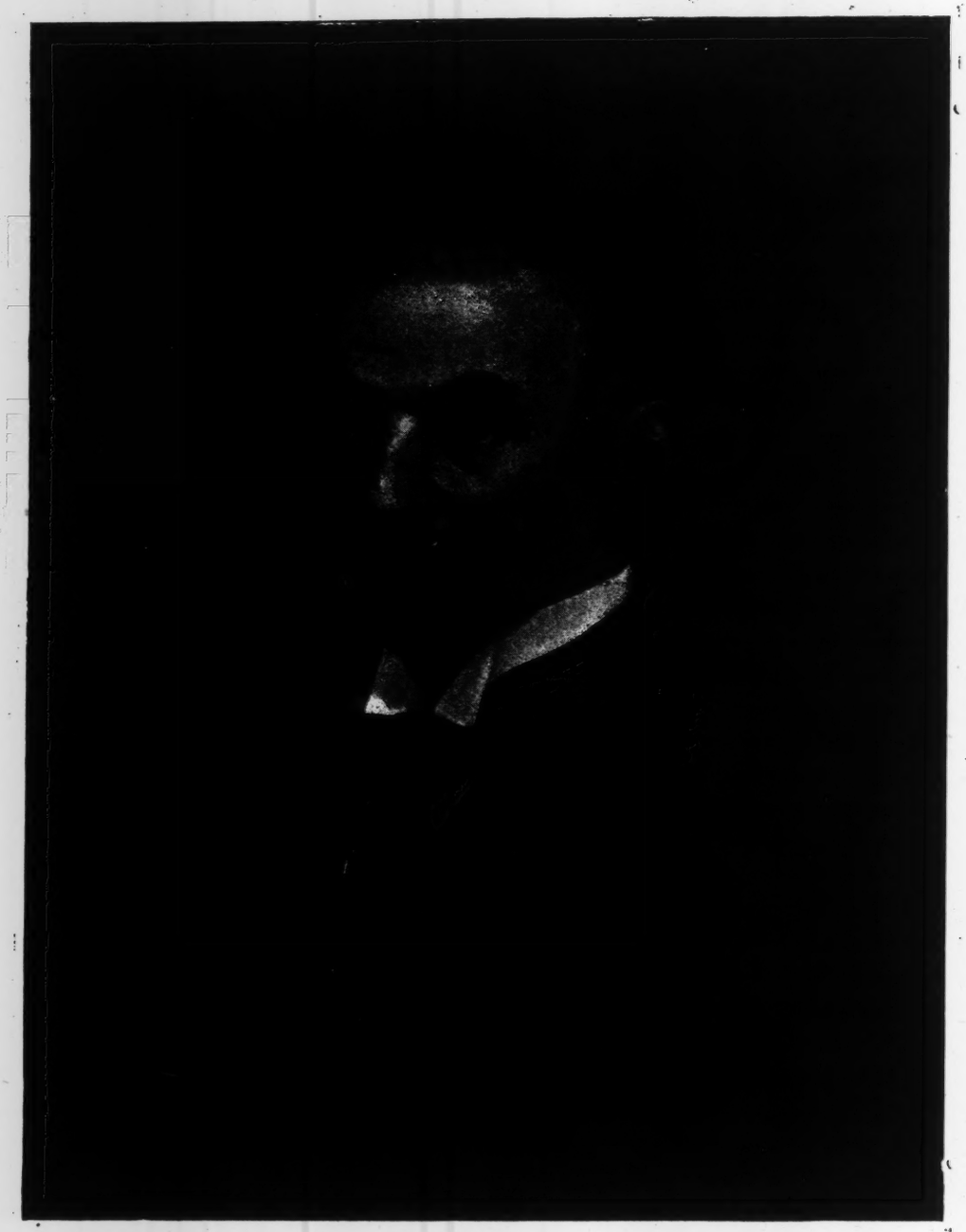
Thwart my wistful way did a damsel saunter,
Fair not fairest, good not best of her feather;
"Maiden meet," held I, "till arise my forefelt
Wonder of women."

* "Wessex Poems, and Other Verses." By Thomas Hardy. With thirty illustrations by the author. 6s. (Harpers.)

Long a visioned hermitage deep desiring,
Tenements uncouth I was fain to house in;
"Let such lodging be for a breath-while," thought I,
"Soon a more seemly.

"Then, high handiwork will I make my life-deed,
Truth and Light outshow; but the ripe time pending,
Intermissive aim at the thing sufficeth!"
Thus I . . . But lo, me!

What justifies Mr. Hardy's verse to the full is his gift of a peculiar intensity of expression, which could hardly find legitimate use in prose. At times his meaning burns itself on the page; the central thought is treated in Rembrandtesque fashion; all circumstance is blurred or deadened that the soul of the thing may stand out. We bandy mighty names with too much lightness; but there is a quality of expression,



MR. THOMAS HARDY.

From a painting by Miss Winifred Thomson, by kind permission of Mr. Hardy.

Mistress, friend, place, aims to be bettered straightway,
Bettered not has Fate, or my hand's achieving;
Sole the showance those of my onward earth-track—
Never transcended!

His uncompromising truth may ring superfluously harsh in "Middle Age Enthusiasms," yet there is nothing rigid in his attitude; or he is dramatic enough to conceive of others whom such rigid courage would repel. His lover in the ballad of Cicely seeks for her who once "opened his heart like a key," in the churchyard, and learns it is not she, but a namesake, who lies there. His own Cicely lives, degraded, besotted. So, for his rest, he feigns the facts otherwise, and adopts for his heart's memory her

of the garth who lay rapt in
Her long reverie.

compact equally of emotion and intellect, which we call Shakesperian, and I find it again and again in lines and phrases of these rugged and imperfect poems. It is in such lines as these:

How much I love I know not, life not known,
Save as some unit I would add love by;
But this I know, my being is but thine own—
Fused from its separateness by ecstasy.

The counterpart of his uncompromising grip of hard fact is a wistful tenderness for life in the grip of fact's tyranny. In one of the finest of the love poems, the woman's backlook on her heart's experience reflects the poet's gentler retrospect of human destiny. Hardly so does any other stalwart modern love the past.

I appear
Numb as a vane that cankers on its point,
True to the wind that kissed ere canker came;
Despised by souls of Now, who would disjoint
The mind from memory, and make Life all aim.

Life is not all harsh to this watcher, nor has it reduced him to mere reasonableness. His Sign-Seeker, racked by the dumb, blank silence of the heavens, will be content

If a dead Love's lips, whom dreams reveal
When midnight imps of King Decay
Delve sly to solve me back to clay,
Should leave some print to prove her spirit-kisses real.

And in spite of the message of indifference that his old Mellstock friends, dead and gone, breathe to him, their memories are fresh in his heart.

At mothy curfew-tide,
And at midnight when the noon-heat breathes
It back from walls and leads,

They've a way of whispering to me—
Fellow-wight who yet abide—
In the muted, measured note
Of a ripple under archways.

But austere resignation and tenderness of memory are not the only notes. The book beats with life. Even in the later poems are echoes of the days that held

Life is roomy yet, and the odds unbounded.

There is nowhere a complacent hope that "the best is yet to be," but the songs are not for that devitalised. "The throbbings of noontide" felt at eve are still strong-pulsed. And whether their lights are high or low, the poems have great significance as a swift, vivid revelation of the personality, or, at least, the emotional temper of the greatest living master of English prose fiction. No one who knows his prose could ever mistake the writer, though he had omitted every Wessex allusion. No one else has just so spoken; no living exponent of human destiny has taken just this attitude—a fearless front to gods indifferent or inadequate, with a comradely aspect to all human beings labouring and in pain.

ANNIE MACDONELL.

ENGLISH LITERATURE: FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST.*

In the present volume Mr. Stopford Brooke offers at once a summary and a continuation of his larger work on "Early English Literature." The student as such possibly gains by the compression; the facts are presented with less of atmosphere and proportion, but in closer and more compact array; the treatment, without being jejune, is relatively concise and severe. Yet we do not regard Mr. Brooke as one of those for whom it is profitable to be required to compress; a certain fiery exuberance in his nature demands scope and space to evolve and deploy; and when called upon (in the words of Keats' daring counsel to Shelley) to "curb his magnanimity," he does curb it indeed, but with a certain air of sadness and conscious restraint, like a wild bull yoked. But this does not prevent his account of Old English literature in this volume from being without question the most adequate account yet given of it, on the same scale, in English. The new topics of the present volume presented fewer opportunities to a historian of Mr. Brooke's temperament. Wessex is not Northumbria, and its sober, prose-making activities fall as far in imaginative suggestion below the epic heroism of the North as does its tender undulating landscape below the bleak wind-swept crag of Bamburgh and the lonely ruin of Holy Island. Alfred is without doubt the most ideal figure in the whole line of English sovereigns; yet who that ever sat down to write of him has not felt a secret irritation that one so full of genius, initiative and resource as he in war, in administration, in all civilising arts, should have been so wanting in originality when he held the pen? "In literature," as Mr. Brooke says, "he is either a plodder or a child." And in all that Mr. Brooke goes on to say, and excellently said it is, of the charm of childlike work, he seems to be not so much expressing a spontaneous and wholehearted admiration, as finding answers wherewith to gravel a demon within him which persistently demands some touch of Celtic glamour and romance in the writing of this Anglo-Saxon champion of sweetness and light. Throughout the volume, indeed, the feeling for race and racial contrasts continually emerges; and nowhere perhaps has the theory which regards English literature as due to a happy union of Celt and Saxon, in which each supplemented the other's defects, been more luminously expounded. Were it less luminous, indeed, it might be more persuasive. One's suspicions are aroused by the very neatness of the jugglery which entices the various races—Celt, Saxon, Norman, Dane—each with its definite racial formula—into the crucible, and dexterously distinguishes their shares in the product. Scepticism is here not necessarily captious; for the theory attributes to these racial units a homogeneity and inner coherence which no people when examined near by, in detail, and in the making, exhibits, least of all a people with a future. Nevertheless, as a working hypothesis, Mr. Brooke's statement of the relations of Celtic and Anglo-Saxon element in English literature (pp. 293 foll) is admirable. The volume is a valuable addition to the scholar's library; and its practical serviceableness is increased by an excellent bibliography of Anglo-Saxon literature by Miss K. Warren, founded upon Wülker's "Grundriss," and indispensable to the English reader. We may also refer to the excellent translations of several verse-pieces in the Appendix.

C. H. HERFORD.

* "English Literature: From the Beginning to the Norman Conquest." By Stopford Brooke. (Macmillan.)

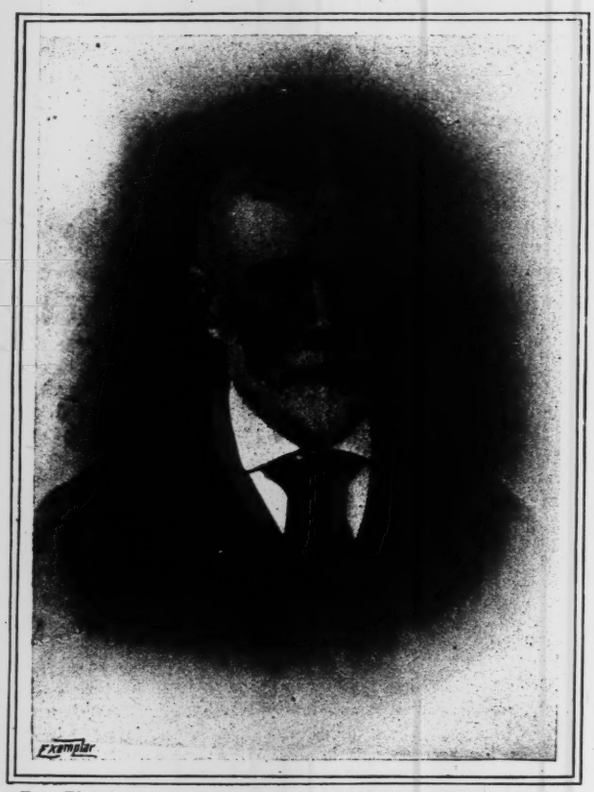
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.*

This first instalment of Sir George Trevelyan's work covers the time between the retirement of Fox from the Ministry in 1766 and the retirement of the British troops from Boston in 1776. In those ten years the War of Independence began and practically ended with the battle of Bunker's Hill. For the rest of the history and the part that Fox played in it we must look to a future volume. In proposing to make his book at once a continuation of his Life of Fox and a History of the American Revolution, Sir George Trevelyan has greatly increased the artistic difficulties of his task. If it is true that the story of Fox between 1774 and 1782 is inextricably woven with the story of the American Revolution, it is no less true that Fox was not the protagonist in that drama. For the first eight years his figure is lost in the thickening tragedy. ("He resigned his first place," says his biographer, "on what, by a very friendly interpretation, might be construed as public grounds.") When in 1774 he comes on the scene again, prophetic, uttering passionate protest, it is as the leader of a chorus rather than an actor; or if an actor, not a greater actor than Chatham or Burke or Franklin, not so great as Washington. But Sir George Trevelyan has overcome this difficulty like a true artist. Nothing even in his later chapters is more enthralling than the first, in which he takes up his hero's life where he left it off. Fox after his "career of joyous knight-errantry," Fox, the "political outlaw," the gambler and rakehell with all his fascination and his faults—faults that were beyond the power even of *his* imagination to exaggerate—Fox with his "eager, anxious repentance," the man who said of himself "I am no hypocrite whatever I may be," is made so living to us from the outset that in his absence his extravagant individuality still dominates the book. Not only so, but the great events in which his individuality was merged are seen to help in the unfolding of his character, that transformation of which Sir George Trevelyan says that it "exceeds anything recorded in religious biography." The root of regeneration was in a man "who never knew what it was to be ashamed of that which at the time he was engaged in. For when Charles Fox became ashamed of anything, he left off doing it." At first the career of this man, who was to become the soul of the Opposition, was dubious. His early speeches were barely recorded. "For," (to quote Sir George Trevelyan again,) "Fox would as soon have thought of writing down what he was going to say as of backing a bill before it became due."

Nothing could be more admirably told than this story of the political battle. The Opposition was bound hand and foot. Though Horace Walpole compared it to a wet dish-cloth, all the wit, intellect, and principle were on its side, all the power in the hands of North, Bute, the Bedfords, and that august fool that sat on the throne. In vain Chatham lifted up a portentous voice, and Burke addressed the House in biblical

* "The American Revolution. Part I. 1766-1776." By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. 16s. (Longmans.)

language. All the eloquence in England and America was powerless against the impassioned imbecility of George III. He seems to have regarded the colonists' petition much as he regarded the proposal to raise a statue to Pitt, as "an offensive measure to me personally." In Sir George Trevelyan's words: "To his eyes the capital of Massachusetts was a centre of vulgar sedition, bristling with Trees of Liberty and strewn with brick-bats and broken glass; where his enemies went about clothed in homespun and his friends in tar and feathers." We are told with considerable force and irony how first the tax upon tea became a *casus belli;* how the ingenious and patriotic Bostonians made tea with salt water at Griffin's Wharf (of England's short-sighted policy at this juncture Sir George Trevelyan wittily observes that, if left to itself, "Before Parliament was many sessions older, America would have drunk the East India Company out of all its difficulties"); how the infamous Port Act reached Boston together with "a



From Photo by [*J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street.*

THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, BART.

parcel of Bibles and Prayer-books addressed to a clergyman in Philadelphia"; how the immortal Congress met amid a shower of sweetmeats, a "sinful feast," as John Adams called it, of fools, floating islands and whipped syllabubs (Philadelphia soon had other things to whip besides syllabubs); and how all the time a gulf, deeper than the Atlantic, of ignorance, misunderstanding, and alienation flowed between England and America. This drama of two worlds moves to its inevitable end with the swift sweep of tragedy; Sir George Trevelyan gives us the fire and soul of it; he rises with his theme. The most powerful pages in the book are those (from p. 350 and onwards) which describe the battle of Bunker's Hill and the storming of the Redoubt, that day when, "whatever foolish and wrong things had been spoken before the event, there was no cruelty and no want of chivalry, between men who had looked so close into each other's eyes." The characters live as they only live on the pages of great historians. Not only Fox and the men of his party, but John Adams, the second President, student, and ascetic—Franklin the "analytical philosopher," with his immortal irony and "immortal youth"—and Washington. The book is written throughout in Sir George Trevelyan's inimitable style, a style that with its light-hearted epigrammatic brilliance and sustained vigour is good both for the finer shades of character-drawing and the vivid painting of action.

M. S.

LORD ASHBOURNE'S LIFE OF PITT.*

This is one of the tantalising books which, once begun, have to be finished. One feels the next chapter is always going to be so interesting; one dares not skip a page lest it should enshrine the hid treasure. We close the repast hungrier than when we began, and inclined to stay our stomachs by sitting down at table once more to Stanhope and Rosebery. Really the book contains very little. The best things have been said before equally well; what is new seems for the most part rather trivial or superfluous. Still the book is not only easy, but pleasant to read; for it is in every way handsome. Eleven portraits are given; their number and quality are unusual in these degenerate days, some of the reproductions being very beautiful. Lord Ashbourne prints numerous letters ranging over the whole of Pitt's life, which he has selected from various collections, notably that at Orwell Park, containing all the MSS. of Dr. Pretyman (afterwards Bishop Tomline), one of Pitt's tutors, and his life-long friend. Of these the most amusing are the Bishop's correspondence with his wife about Mr. Pitt's criticism on a draught sermon (pp. 345-350). Eliza had evidently inspired, if not written the discourse, for she seems to know it by heart, and is rather nettled at the great man's quibbles. "*His* suggestions have, as they ought, *very very* great weight with me; but I cannot *implicitly* bend my *mind* (though I should my *vote*) to his judgment." The selections from the letters of Pitt's mother to her son and his tutor Wilson (now in Earl Stanhope's possession) are disappointing. One would have expected Temple's sister to write a better letter. But she is merely fussy, sprightly in a small way, and entirely without distinction. Whether writing about Master William's cough, or, twenty years later, the Prime Minister's gout, the excellent Baroness fails to dazzle. The chapters on Pitt's youth give many new facts, but I think none of them are worth remembering. Chapter IV. is really important, as it contains certain very valuable letters on the Commercial Resolutions, and throws some new light on that vexed point in Pitt's career. That on Fitzwilliam is also important, some of the letters being conclusive. It is curious how fatally the tide is turning, as fresh documents are published, against that pitiful stalking horse of the Foxites. Pert, vain, weak and untrustworthy—his character is stamped on his portrait. It was indeed so well understood as to be taken as a sufficient excuse for the astounding impudence, the base treachery, and the monkey tricks he flaunted during his short reign in Ireland. However, nothing can excuse Pitt's weakness in appointing him. We find some strong, characteristic letters from the great Earl of Clare, but the chapter devoted to him tells us but a fraction of what we would like to know about the greatest statesman and truest patriot Ireland has produced—whose statue, by the way, was destroyed not so many years ago by his grateful countrymen.

Y. Y.

WAS CHRIST BORN AT BETHLEHEM?†

As the title of Professor Ramsay's volume indicates, its purpose is to test the credibility of St. Luke by the crucial instance of his account of the birth of our Lord at Bethlehem owing to the decree of Augustus that all the world should be taxed. This, as is well known, has long been a difficulty to conservative critics. To others it has been no difficulty, because, not rating St. Luke very high as an historian, they simply brand this as an obvious error. Augustus, they say, never ordered an enrolment throughout the Roman world; if he had, this decree could not have applied to the dominions of Herod, who was an independent prince; even had the decree extended to Palestine, the consequent enrolment would not have required the attendance of Joseph and Mary at Bethlehem; it is obvious, therefore, that St. Luke has confused this imaginary census of which he alone speaks with the census taken by Quirinius several years later. The fresh light which Professor Ramsay throws on this much-vexed question consists in the discovery of Kenyon, Wilcken, and Viereck, that periodic enrolments were made every fourteen years in certain parts of the Roman world, expressly in Egypt. That these enrolments were instituted by Augustus will not be doubted by those who know anything of

* "Pitt. Some Chapters in his Life and Times." By Lord Ashbourne. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

† "Was Christ Born at Bethlehem? A Study on the Credibility of St. Luke." By W. M. Ramsay, M.A., D.C.L. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

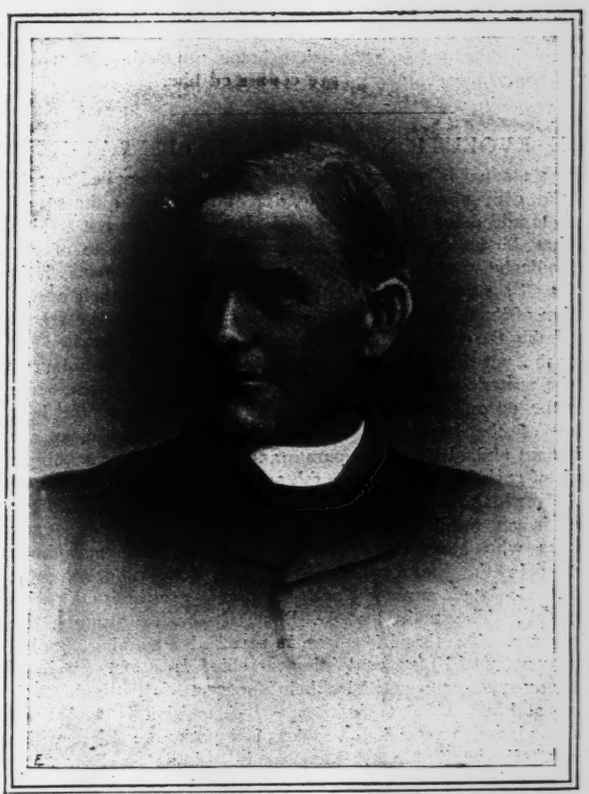
the methods of that great administrator. That these enrolments extended to the Roman province of Syria Professor Ramsay shows that there are grounds for believing; and that, as matters stood between Augustus and Herod a few years before the Christian era, it is highly probable the enrolment would be extended to Palestine, he also proves. This census would, according to the periodic calculation, have taken place in the year 8-7 B.C.; but the likelihood is that Herod would beg delay that he might appeal to Rome. This delay being granted, the date of the actual enrolment would fall in the year 7 or 6 B.C., preferably the year 6. Now, although in this brief summary of Professor Ramsay's argument there may seem to be a weakening amount of mere probability, the truth is that the evidence as given in full is so exact and abundant that the conclusion to which it has led Professor Ramsay himself seems inevitable. Unquestionably the ascertainment of periodic enrolments is of immense importance in the solution of the difficulty. And even although it may be doubtful whether Professor Ramsay is right in supposing that St. Luke meant to state that periodic enrolments were ordered, the fact, ascertained from other quarters, that such enrolments were part of the imperial system, is, as everyone must see, a determining factor. This is a great step gained, and it might seem churlish to grumble that it does not make everything clear. Still obscure is the statement that in this year 6 B.C. Quirinius was governor of Syria. The fact is that Varus was governor of Syria in that year. We must therefore understand St. Luke to mean that, contemporaneously with Varus, Quirinius held some office which might be termed "governorship," and was the prominent official in charge of the enrolment.

It should be added that, besides his very clear and convincing statement regarding the enrolment, Professor Ramsay has much to say regarding the general credibility of St. Luke, and gives an instructive exposition of that which constitutes trustworthiness in an historian. Indeed, his early pages form an admirable introduction to the perusal of the gospel; and the whole volume sparkles with that imaginative entrance into the actual conditions of the first century which makes Professor Ramsay so acceptable and powerful an addition to the ranks of New Testament critics. MARCUS DODS.

DR. BARRY'S NEW NOVEL.*

It is a commonplace of criticism to say a book must be judged on its own merits, apart from its intentions and from its predecessors on the same lines; and like most commonplaces, it will not bear extensive application. On its own merits it must stand or fall in the long run, of course; but the measure of its value to posterity is not the measure of its value to us. We are often concerned to find a significance which will be lost should it survive to the next generation, and which we can only accurately find in the writer's general purposes as expressed in his general work. "The Two Standards" will not receive its due of interest if it be judged in isolation, not even if it be merely compared with the writer's former novel, "The New Antigone," though the two have certain points in common. We do not mean it cannot stand alone; but it seems richer in purpose viewed in the light of Dr. Barry's very individual opinions. Judged by itself, it is a modern story, not very well constructed, with kaleidoscopic views of modern existence, and a strong moral purpose running through it. Save for this last, and for its consistent good taste, it resembles not a little Mr. George Moore's "Evelyn Innes." The plan is similar; there is almost as much of musical criticism and rhapsody; and the scenes are laid as generally in the musical world. In both the strong rock of the Catholic Church looms up as a refuge from the world and the uncertain comforts and inspiration of art; but while in "Evelyn Innes" it seems to be there for artistic effect, or because Catholicism happens to be artistically fashionable at the moment, you feel in Dr. Barry's book it is the real thing. Indeed, the solidest, the ablest chapter, is that which describes the musician's stay at the monastery, and in which the Catholic point of view is expounded by Father Arrowsmith.

"The Two Standards" is distinctly not the work of a born novelist. Yet if the widest, the most intense interest in human life could make one, here we should find him. A dozen societies and coteries are described in detail; financial, fashionable, musical, evangelical, and many more. Company-promoters, littérateurs, spiritualists, Calvinists, operatic composers, prima donnas, and monks, play their parts in the front of the stage. We cannot admit that Dr. Barry is an artist, nor even a good photographer. The scenic and personal details may be all right, but the grouping is often wrong, and the breath of life is not in the actors of the drama. The breath of life blows all round them, however, the breath of a vital purpose. However shadowy they may be as personages, he makes it clear what they stand for, makes the contest in which they are struggling a real one, in which we take sides and watch the issue anxiously. "The Two Standards" is led up to by Dr. Barry's critical work. Of that it is not the culmination; it is the popular exposition of some of its conclusions. He is not only one of the ablest of our critics of literature and social life, but also one of the most universal. He holds very clear opinions; he distrusts many modern tendencies; he ranged himself with



From Photo by [*Werner & Son, Dublin.*

DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

Nordau in condemning a great deal of the most characteristic literature of our age; had even something to say for Nordau's view that science might sweep the air clean from decadence—though he holds there is a better purifier. But Nordau often spoke of what he did not know. Dr. Barry is a profound student of European art and literature; if he condemns, it is with his eyes open to the beauties as to the dangers. He is also a keen critic of the modern social state, of the modern conditions of industrialism and of capitalism. The briefest definition of his position is that he is a Christian. Modern capitalism will not stand the Christian test. He has not elsewhere shirked the difficulties of substituting another system, but in this novel he has been content to show the deadening influence of all piling up of money, to show how the love of money is sering every blade in the field of life today. "The golden touch! It leaves nothing alive." And the whole of present existence he subjects to the same test—yet not harshly. He has so little sympathy with the killjoys of the world that his presentation of Calvinism is something of a caricature. Amid the wayward adventures of his characters he is never censorious. But all life and its interpretation, art, must undergo the test. The two guides along the human track are impulse and law—here the reader understands the force of the book's title—and he is for law. "Life," said the Father at Monte Vergine, "is an art too complex for any rule but one. And that was the imitation of Christ." To a

* "The Two Standards." By William Barry. 6s. (Unwin.)

soul wandering amid the wilds of impulse he held up the *Exercises* of Loyola as a safe and reasonable guide. "They gave no promise of an idle or an empty day. The precision on which they insisted was the most modern thing in the book. Science, rather than literature. But the un-conscious, the sub conscious, where was it? Not dreams, it seemed to say, but algebra; spiritual, of course; yet how far removed from the reverie, the careless wandering, light and untrammelled, which Gerard Elven had indulged in, knowing that a sudden flash out of the cloud would bring music with it in rain, or thunder, or the rising wind!" Art was to come after, "when the foundation had been laid, the purifying expiation fulfilled. . . . It was still practice, not poetry; but the Via Illuminativa —the Way of Enlightenment—deserved its name." And so his two chief strugglers, the woman of impulse and the creative artist, do—though not according to the plan of the Church, for this is not a propagandist novel—find in the end a guide and solace in law, and by its aid, the meaning of life. They as personages do not prove his case. Perhaps his case is not proved at all. But there is, at least, the presence of a mighty purpose in his book. The writer holds a position in which much study and searching have confirmed him.

THE EVOLUTION OF FRENCH LITERATURE.*

By a manual is generally understood a book compiled merely for the convenience of students, dull and dry, but quite safe if its facts and dates be accurate. M. Brunetière's is not a thing of that kind. It is not dull or dry; and, in spite of the methodicalness of its plan and the correctness of its facts, it is not at all a safe book for students at the outset of their examination of its subject. He is the chief spokesman of the school that holds the critic should immolate his personality on the altar of truth, yet there was never a book of criticism more coloured by the writer's personality and temperament. Everywhere we must be on our guard; and perhaps therein consists the best value of the book; for it is a robust exercise to keep our judgment and admiration separate and independent in reading a work of such intellectual strength and brilliancy.

A word as to the plan. The book, the sketch for a larger one, is an application of the doctrine of Evolution. Only writers who have visibly handed on their influence, been factors in the literary life of the next generation, are dealt with. Isolated geniuses and "sports" are omitted, with intention. The main text M. Brunetière calls, fittingly, the Discourse. To the Discourse is attached a running detailed Commentary of Notes, containing the chief facts of the writers' lives, questions suggested by their history, their methods, their fame, and an excellent bibliography. The plan is carried out with a vigour, a precision, a grasp of the whole subject which are wholly admirable. Of course it is built on theory, and demands the utmost straining of theory at times. But so able and so plausible is the picture of development that one is always inclined to accept it at every stage, until one brings the test of application. It is partly inherent in his plan, and partly in his disposition, that he drives a theory to death. But the theory that may be said to be the central point on which the whole body of criticism hangs, his conception of classicism, is at least a good working hypothesis. A classic literature, he says, will be social.

> "Since it is to be social, it will be general, which amounts to saying that it will not be, or that it will rarely be, the expression of the personality of the writer, but rather that of the relations of the individual with the requirements of an ideal humanity, always and everywhere analogous to or identical with itself, subsisting eternally, so to speak, and offering on that account immutable characteristics. Social in its aims and general in regard to its modes of expression, this literature will also be moral to the exact extent to which morality is indispensable to the existence of society."

This conception narrows the area of classic literature; but within its limits it is convenient and enlightening.

Perhaps the part of most permanent value ends with the great classic period; but there is much luminous criticism scattered through the remainder; and both his faults and his unfairness are interesting and stimulating to thought. In spite of his magisterial manner, his thoroughness, his solid knowledge, there is no even consistency in his attitude towards men and schools. His plea for the *Précieuses* that they freed literature from pedantry by compelling it to address persons of society, and purified it by demanding it should be fit for decent women, is not repeated for other coteries that did equal, if different, service. The Encyclopædists, when they brought within the reach of men of the world whatever knowledge of science existed at the time, did just what Pascal had done when he brought great moral and theological problems within the *portée* of society. Yet to the Encyclopædists he is grossly unfair. The Encyclopædia does not stand his test of literature, that it should be the expression of "moral and psychological observation"; but some of the writers of it do far more than he will admit.

The crying blunder of the later half of the book is his definition of Romanticism—a definition which does not admit our Shakespeare, or Scott, or Dumas, or de Vigny, and only the poet in Hugo. He is right in saying it is an utterance of individualism; but he goes on to say that it means only self-exhibition. He has in his mind writers like Musset, like the earlier George Sand, like Byron—all great, but romantic egoists, not pure romantics at all. Romanticism is a revolt from the classic ideal, that only general human characteristics should be represented, a declaration of the rights in literature of the exceptional and the alien. He has taken from the title all force, and left it the mere nickname of a few egomaniacs. His qualified praise of the Naturalists—prudently he leaves out living men—is based on his supposition that they have repressed themselves and reflected some spot of the general world. The end of good French literature is, according to him, it should be repeated, "moral and psychological observation." To that he entirely subordinates—and superficial students of French will stare—social observation, which results only in the representation of manners. And he is right in the main. Such has been the attitude of the greatest Frenchmen—Montaigne, Pascal, Molière, La Bruyère, Rousseau, Balzac, and, in the teeth of M. Brunetière, I say Diderot, and a good many more whom he soundly abuses—moralists all, preachers for the most; but great because they plunged into the depths of, and reflected, their own greatly exceptional minds, as well as peered out into the general average world. It must be said, however, he is not setting forth an ideal for other literatures. Our genius, he would say, drives us to express the individual, the exceptional side of life. He would have France keep its own place as the precise, clear, artistic speaker of general human truths. To that end he is fiercely national, and combats all the foreign influences, which, he says, disturb the trend of, and cannot be absorbed by the literary genius of his country.

After all, can you fix a national genius so precisely over many restless centuries? Flux and reflux is the rule—nowhere more so than in mobile, sensitive France. The restraint of classicism, with its appeal only to the broadly human, the accepted, degenerates into the coldly formal. Then come the Individualists, with their demand for freedom to express the whole world, running off here into egotism, there into a presentation of the monstrous. But the pendulum goes on swinging.

I have only spoken of the main features, the salient points. On the many shrewd and suggestive things one meets on every other page, the courageous and the unconventional views of men and books, I have no room to dwell; and I have spoken freely of prejudices and blunders. But the book compels admiration, and must win the closest interest. One must keep one's self on the defensive through the whole of it; and yet it may well be to many readers the chief epoch in the study of the most civilising literature of the world. A. M.

* "Manual of the History of French Literature." Translated from the French by Ralph Derechef. 12s. (Unwin.)

MR. LANG'S COLERIDGE.*

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. Patten Wilson could not fail to make a good book among them. The purpose of a handsome gift book, revealed by the copious illustration and elegant typography of this handsome volume, is perfectly subserved by it. There is room for improvement in the selection, as we shall have to notice, but in the main it is one of the things which it is *not* more blessed to give than to receive. Mr. Lang's ability as a critic needs no encomium from us; and he but resembles his brethren if he is wont to shine in proportion to the congeniality of his subject. Here all is as it should be. He is in perfect sympathy with his author, and his introductory sketch, only too brief, will rank among the most

* "Selections from the Poets. Coleridge." By Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Patten Wilson. 3s. 6d. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

felicitous estimates of Coleridge. He is especially successful in vindicating Coleridge's claim to the rank of a great poet, notwithstanding his deficiency in some of the principal elements of greatness. The gist of the matter is that Coleridge could not help being great as a poet, because he was great in the one thing needful, poetry. The extraordinary powers of some of his contemporaries might have been entirely, and are occasionally, dissociated from the subtle influence which creates poetry. But with Coleridge, after his eyes had been unsealed by Wordsworth, poetry becomes an indissoluble part of the man. Many of the richest intellectual endowments, heaped in profusion upon a single head, would never make that the head of a poet; while the one endowment of poetical feeling would make a poet of an idiot, could an idiot possess it.

The only fault in Mr. Lang's excellent essay appears to us to be that he makes too little of Wordsworth's influence as a factor in Coleridge's performance, and too much of opium. Coleridge cannot have indulged much in narcotics while he was trudging the Somersetshire hills in the Wordsworths' company, and meditating the most unearthly of his poems. As to "Kubla Khan," we should readily have assigned a large share in its composition to opium if Wordsworth had written it, but see no necessity for such an hypothesis in the case of Coleridge. Wordsworth's influence on Coleridge was certainly not that of a purveyor of ideas; "Ancient Mariners" and "Christabels" were nowise in his line. But it was that of an emancipator, that of a man who shows another man that he has hitherto been in bondage to conventions, and that a world of truth and nature, to which he has been blind, expands all around him. Such an influence is far more potent than the merely stimulating effect upon his friend which Mr. Lang ascribes to Wordsworth.

We cannot believe that Mr. Lang is responsible for the selection of the poems. It does indeed include all the greatest masterpieces, and everything which it would have been positively atrocious to have omitted. But where is "The Picture"? where are the Chamouni and Elbingerode lines? where "Recollections of Love," and the "Ode to Tranquillity," and "The Day Dream," and "The Pang more Sharp than All," and "The Butterfly," and "Love, Hope and Patience"? No opportunity should ever be lost of bringing forward pieces whose very exquisiteness impedes the appreciation freely accorded to more obvious beauty. It is a mortifying reflection that room could easily have been found for all of them but for the inclusion of several early and mediocre poems on the alleged ground, marvellously resembling an afterthought, that they illustrate the poet's biography. We hope that this apology is not meant to extend to "The Young Ass"!

Mr. Patten Wilson's illustrations are a great advance upon anything he has done previously. They are perfect in drawing, bold in invention, opulent in detail, everything that can be wished so long as they express still life, or life where humanity is subordinate to the inanimate accessories. He fails in attempting to realise his author's conceptions, though we grant that the amazing Christabel of the frontispiece may prove very serviceable whenever there is a Japanese translation of Coleridge. The Ancient Mariner could never have blessed Mr. Wilson's water-snakes, which are the self-same monsters as those by which Arnold Böcklin has grandly symbolised the ghastly and appalling aspects of the great deep. Fortunately Mr. Wilson rarely attempts to transcend his legitimate sphere, and within that sphere he is a master. R. GARNETT.

MR. J. HUNTLY McCARTHY'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's vivid and brilliant narrative style has never been used to better effect than in this History of the United States. Whatever faults the scholarly historian may have to find, we are convinced that the general reader will take more pleasure in it than in many a solider book. Mr. McCarthy's English has a carrying power which is irresistible, and few who let themselves be caught in the toils of the first chapter will escape before the last. It is true, undoubtedly, that the "graphic" manner may be overdone, and that pronouns and conjunctions—useful, if a trifle colourless, parts of speech—are not altogether to be despised. Still it is a fault on the right side. The average history-book does not err in the direction of over-liveliness, and not many will complain of the vivacity which is the book's greatest charm.

As history, it is by no means impartial. The standpoint is American throughout. The faults of America are palliated, her virtues lauded. England is represented as an insolent bully, with a root of kindness and justice beneath his swagger, and a habit of tyranny, thoughtless rather than malicious. This is perhaps to exaggerate tendency into character, but England deserved it for thirty years on each side of 1800—at least in her relations with America. Mr. McCarthy does not deny that she generally paid up handsomely in the end—in the case of the *Alabama*, for example—when the rules of the game went against her.

There are scores of brilliant character-sketches scattered throughout these pages. A few telling phrases, a few striking facts, and we know the man and his history—that is, as Mr. McCarthy knows them. In three pages we have Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, and Randolph outlined for us, clear and distinct. The witchcraft fear of Salem and the stubborn delusions of Cotton Mather are disposed of in a paragraph. There is less said about William Penn and the Friends, in the earlier part, than we might have wished, and the later Presidents are dismissed in a word, but the writer spares no enthusiasm in honouring Abraham Lincoln and no eloquence in his eulogy of George Washington.

The book closes with the Cuban War—the "War of Humanity." Mr. McCarthy recognises no motive for it but philanthropy. In this view no doubt there are many who agree with him, and his somewhat partial loyalty to the country he admires takes nothing from the interest and force of his book. It is only a sketch, a mere survey of its subject, but a sketch so rapid, so racy, so light, that it has much of the charm of fiction as well as the importance of fact.

* "A Short History of the United States." By Justin Huntly McCarthy. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

MRS. MEYNELL'S NEW ESSAYS.*

Mrs. Meynell's latest book of Essays seems to us more perfect than the two former ones. What her admirers most admired, the care and distinction and concentration of her style, are displayed as fully as before; while these qualities exist

MRS. MEYNELL.
From Photo by Resta, Bayswater.

along with a greater ease and a finer sense of proportion. Her extreme dislike of the obvious in expression is not growing. Her most aloof and solemn manner she now keeps for aloof and solemn things. Hardly ever will a reader, even one whom her style has not fascinated, be other than attentive and appreciative. She has disarmed him by a sense of growth and growing breadth. His combativeness can only pick out points of attack in the opinions, and it would be a poor, sleepy kind of book of essays that did not awake some contradiction. If he be an artist or an observer of nature he will call in question her statement as to the effacement of colour on the

* "The Spirit of Place, and other Essays." By Alice Meynell. 3s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

horizon, true only for certain times of the day. He may puzzle over her definition—or is it a mere instance?—of "the ultimate test of the thinker" in the Essay on "The Foot"; and even deny, save for the rarest instances, the assertion that children—keen observers of detail though they be—are possessed of the "spirit of place." He may even, but unwillingly—he would fain be on her side—combat such dainty dogmatism as this: "Lesser virtues may flower in daily liberty and may flourish in prose; but infinite virtues and greatness are compelled to the measure of poetry, and obey the constraint of an hourly convent bell." He may wonder at the saying, finding it where he does, that "style is the ignorance of secretings," and then thank her for knocking down a wall that hid the right entrance to a difficult subject. In "A Counterchange" alone will this critical reader be pulled up sharp to disagreement. (But is the essay perhaps a satire on the Englishman's unceasing laughter at the Frenchies who talk such an incomprehensible lingo?) According to his school, he may rejoice or grieve over her literary sympathies and antipathies here expressed; but surely he will feel glad—whether she be right or not respecting Swift's feelings for Mrs. Dingley—that she has made her opinion the occasion of uttering a more chivalrous and a truer conception of friendship both between men and women and women and women than any of the other commentators who have touched on the romance of the Dean's life. And now that we have named those sayings and passages which encourage contradiction or doubt, and are the more stimulating therefor, we sink back in hearty admiration and enjoyment of the dainty, distinguished, and most convincing remainder. Three essays must be named that crown the book by their beauty, those on "Rain," "The Horizon," and "Solitude." Let us share something from the last with such as do not yet know the whole.

"Solitudes are not to be measured by miles; they are to be numbered by days. They are freshly and freely the dominion of every man for the day of his possession. There is loneliness for innumerable solitaries. As many days as there are in all the ages, so many solitudes are there for men. This is the open house of the earth; no one is refused. Nor is the space shortened or the silence marred because men, one by one, even in multitudes, have been alone there before. Solitude is separate experience." There is pity only for those who do not know the desire of it. Not for those others destined to the "perpetual society of the school, the cloister, or the hospital ward. They walk without secresy, candid, simple, visible, without moods, unchangeable, in a constant communication and practice of action and speech. Theirs assuredly is no barren loss, and they have a conviction, and they bestow the conviction, of solitude deferred."

CHAPTERS ON THE RENAISSANCE.*

One of the many books which it is easy to recommend, hard to criticise, and impossible to talk about in detail. "The best in this kind are shadows." In her modest prologue Mrs. Field disarms the critic by telling him that she makes little claim to originality, and can boast of no research. Her pages are not written for scholars, but for "students," by which we may understand young women getting up subjects whereon to be examined—a praiseworthy and growing class. Accordingly, did one set out on a campaign against her authorities, one would be tilting with Symonds and Pater, Taine, Michelet, Froude, and Mr. Lecky; with Milman and Vernon Lee and Professor Saintsbury. These are very unequal in their knowledge, insight, and power of summing up a movement so vast and complicated as the Renaissance. Nor would it be worth while to discuss under the limits of an "Introduction" problems which at every turn demand some acquaintance with philosophy as well as the discursive reading in literature attested by Mrs. Field's quiet pages. The philosophy is not there. I open the book at random, and I light on a sentence like the following, *àpropos* of the Middle Ages, "The single employment of reason was to expand and develop premises that were furnished by the Church." It is a quotation and a stock phrase; but it happens not to be true. Had the writer said "to demonstrate conclusions that were furnished by the Church," it would have been nearer the mark; but a great deal of mediæval speculation, as every one knows, and Mrs. Field has told us on the opposite page, concerned itself with Aristotle, and Aristotle was not precisely "furnished by the Church" to her schoolmen. Again I read of Erasmus, "the embodiment of all that was meant by the New Learning—its humanity, its tolerance, its application of the learning of the schools to matters of every-day life," and, letting Erasmus go, I think of the "humanity," which is exemplified in Lorenzo de' Medici and the Italian despots; of the "tolerance" which one would like to discover, if it existed anywhere, in those first fifty years of the sixteenth century; and of the "application of learning" to daily life made by Politian, Cæsar Borgia, and Machiavelli. There was, indeed, infinite "tolerance" of Paganism as a code of morals, and of scepticism as a freemasonry among voluptuous livers. Are we to admire these things? We shall need, I think, to distinguish with more caution the various elements which are all huddled up under this one word "Renaissance" before we can be permitted to talk so lightly of its Erasmian virtues.

So much by way of measuring the depth in this volume. Its breadth is more to be praised. The chapters which deal with architecture have a certain freshness; we can always read about Italian painting, often as we have read about it before; and there is undeniable strength in the mere keeping alive of phrase and sentence while hurrying past ten thousand figures, each a biography in itself. One has a suspicion that it is really impossible to master a theme handled in this way, just as impossible as to remember all the pictures in Florence after a hasty glance at them. But, then, the examinations! I should not like to have several of these libraries in miniature on hand; they would make me, I am pretty sure, if not an obscurantist yet a reader of one book—the Breviary or the Bible—ever after.

WILLIAM BARRY.

* "An Introduction to the Study of the Renaissance." By Lilian F. Field. 6s. (London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1898; pp. vi., 304.)

ROMAN SOCIETY IN THE LAST CENTURY OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE.*

Professor Dill has chosen a very interesting subject for his monograph, and has brought to bear on it a wide range of learning. His style is polished, and at times brilliant, so that the book is a pleasant one to read. In the first and to some extent in the second chapter he does not seem to have fused his material, and there is a mass of detail for which the reader is hardly prepared. It would perhaps have been better if the excellent chapters in the second book on Symmachus and Apollinaris Sidonius, the former especially, had preceded those in which frequent reference is made to their lives and surroundings. But Professor Dill has grasped firmly the main fact of the tenacity of Paganism in the fourth and fifth centuries after Christ, and illustrated it from a large collection of facts. He is especially good on the causes which gave vitality to the later Paganism, pointing out how the living Paganism was of foreign origin, and really in its way ministered both to the moral and to the devotional needs of the worshippers. To this subject his first book is mainly devoted. The second contains brilliant and learned sketches of Western Society from Symmachus to Sidonius, in which he gives some needed cautions as to the unjustified acceptance of the gloomy pictures of the morals of the time, drawn by Christian and Pagan moralists alike. The public virtues were doubtless often lacking; it could hardly be otherwise under such a system of government; but of private virtues there is much welcome proof. Mr. Dill prefers, wherever possible, to use the modern names of places. It is difficult to draw the line, and any other forms but "Bordeaux" and "Tours" would, of course, be absurd: but modern readers may well stumble over Riez and Bazas as episcopal sees, and Mr. Dill has himself made the common slip of confusing Chalon with Châlons. One would like, too, to know why he uses "Auvergne" as the name sometimes of a town for Clermont, sometimes of a district. The third book on the Failure of Administration and the Ruin of the Middle Classes is one of the most valuable. Mr. Dill has thoroughly worked over the Theodosian Code, and drawn valuable material from it. He shows how for more than five generations there was a struggle of obstinate and purblind legislation against inexorable laws of society and human nature; and how these social and economic laws finally brought about an overwhelming tragedy. The rich were ever growing richer and more corrupt, the poor ever poorer and more hopeless; until at last the invasions of the barbarians hastened and completed a crash which they

* "Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire." By Samuel Dill, M.A. 12s. (Macmillan and Co.)

could not have caused. It is true that this had been prepared for by the troubles of the third century, which ruined for the time the prosperity of commerce. But the immense agricultural resources of the Roman Empire would have enabled it to recover, if the violent blows had not been followed by a stage of steady depletion. This was not due, as a rule, to the ignorance or supineness of the central authority. "Just as Paganism on the eve of its proscription by the State attained for a moment an elevation and purity higher than it ever reached in the ages of its unchallenged supremacy, so the Imperial Government was probably never so anxious to check abuses of administration, or so compassionate for the desolate and the suffering, as in the years when its forces were being paralysed." And this paralysis was due mainly to the shameless selfishness of the great landholders and to the equally shameless corruption of the lower officials. As becomes a college professor and an old headmaster, Mr. Dill does not neglect the history of education and of culture in the fifth century, and devotes to this his very interesting and well-written fifth book. It is rather odd that while he has much to say about the extravagancies of the prose style of Sidonius and his contemporaries, he omits to notice their metrical atrocities, which show how superficial after all must have been their study of the art of Virgil and Horace; and his language about the metres of Prudentius is a little misleading. There is in the book something of repetition, which a reference backwards or forwards would often have spared; but on the whole it is a really learned and scholarly work, a valuable, one is tempted to say, an indispensable supplement to Gibbon. It is a book for the student rather than the general reader; but by those for whom it is intended it will undoubtedly be heartily welcomed.

A. S. WILKINS.

THACKERAY IN MIDDLE LIFE.*

In nothing do we admire Mrs. Ritchie's treatment of her father's memory more than in the fineness of her comprehension and the exquisiteness of her fulfilment of his wish concerning his biography. Her reminiscences of these strenuous years of early middle life show, to a degree that has not been possible in the earlier numbers, the delicacy of her tact and sympathy. Those to whom Thackeray is more than a great name—the greatest name—among writers of fiction will be grateful to her for passing lightly over wounds which he could not bear touched. In her reticence she most highly honours and most fully reveals him.

In the letters written during those years of travel—in Paris, in Ireland, in Egypt, in America, in Switzerland and Italy—there is an effervescent gaiety, concealing—not alway effectually—a deep undercurrent of sadness, or, when the burden seems heaviest, a wan brightness infinitely pathetic.

This is how he writes from Paris in 1841 to Mrs. Procter:—

> Please when you write not to give me any account whatever of any gaieties in which you indulge, or any sort of happiness falling to the share of you or anybody else. But if anybody meets with an accident, is arrested, ruined, has a wife run away with, if C. falls ill and is marked with the small pox, do be so kind as to write me off word immediately, and I will pay the post cheerfully. . . . Despair, madam, is the word. Byronish, I hate mankind, and wear my shirt collar turned down.

He was not a taciturn man and his trouble would out. But it was his way to flash his humour upon it that it might not too heavily oppress his friends. At the same time he was busy sketching absurdities and collecting comicalities for the entertainment of a public which for a time could not quite make up its mind whether this were a zany or a cynic.

In 1842 he crossed to Ireland, where he seems to have found gaiety in the air, and where bis naturally buoyant spirits floated easily for a time. That his spirits varied very much, Mrs. Ritchie tells us, and we can well believe. But on the whole he enjoyed Ireland, and was happy there. He writes of the soul-weary Cockney:—

> "Shivering and sad he
> Bumped along the road
> Leads to Limavaddy."

But when a poet wants a rhyme to "Limavaddy" he has to take what he can get, and probably, as Mrs. Ritchie suggests, that had something to do with the disconsolateness of the expression. Anyhow, he was quickly consoled when "Peg" herself appeared and roused him to declare that—

> "No; the best of lead
> And of Indian-rubber
> Never could depict
> That sweet kettle-scrubber."

Thackeray's "Peg" and Lowell's "Zekle" have their qualities in common, and are both among the trifles that are not ephemeral.

The extracts from the diary of the "Cornhill to Cairo" journey are more like the extracts from anybody else's diary than most things Thackeray wrote. He seems to have seen everything and felt everything that he ought. He was seasick; he got up early to see the sun rise; and he was surprised, interested, and delighted at the appropriate times. His personality was in his pen—his professional pen—and the magazines got the best of him just then. The reader may still find that best, if he has not already found it, in this fifth volume of his works.

In the Introduction to "Esmond" we find the account of the first American lecture tour. His letters regarding it are full of a grateful pleasure. He met with kindness everywhere, and says, "now the papers are puffing me so as to make me blush." There is a curious glimpse of the prejudice of the Englishman of family in this sentence from a letter written from Philadelphia to Lady Stanley: "Everybody lectures in this country, and it isn't—nor any trade or calling else, for that matter—thought *infra dig*." Evidently he himself was not without some qualms on the subject. But he had, in his daughters' future, the supreme motive for setting aside any such scruples. "The right thing is to go," he said, while the lecture tour was being arranged for, "and the pleasant one will be to come back again with a little money for the young ladies."

These young ladies we find still foremost in his thoughts when he is in Rome writing up the numbers of "The Newcomes." "The girls" are "full of raptures and pleasure, and *that* is something worth travelling for."

There are many memorable remarks quoted by Mrs. Ritchie in her introduction to "The Newcomes," that, for example, concerning Newman: "In his heart he was a sceptic, but he had shut it down and locked it up as with Solomon's seal, and went on really believing in the Catholic faith." We are told, too, that "his (Thackeray's) benediction on Dickens became almost a thanksgiving, so devout was it." There is much more that we should like to quote if it were not that we had rather readers would seek the volumes themselves. Every month they bring a new pleasure. They are a credit to Mrs. Richmond Ritchie and a credit to the publishers, and, best of all, worthy of the works that they present.

THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF MR. RUSKIN.*

For this book Mr. Hobson deserves the thanks of all admirers of Mr. Ruskin and of the thoughtful part of the reading public. No writer of the present century could speak his mind in more lucid and penetrating English than Mr. Ruskin. But his social theories have been set forth in many volumes, at various times, and in various moods, over a long period of years. It has been the main aim of Mr. Hobson to bring under one view teaching which is so often full of power and inspiration, but which was rather fitfully given to the world. In this aim Mr. Hobson has admirably succeeded. He would not have been true to the genius of his author if he had imposed upon the theories of Mr. Ruskin an appearance of system which does not properly belong to them. He has wisely avoided the excessive use of the formula in expounding the free utterances of a prophet, but he has produced a well ordered and luminous book, which will be an excellent guide through the social work of Mr. Ruskin in all its phases. Mr. Hobson has the advantage of being in entire sympathy with his author. His book may be described as a eulogy as well as an exposition. He believes that "Mr. Ruskin will rank as the greatest social teacher of his age." A large part of the book is "devoted to a statement and a vindication of Mr. Ruskin's claim to have placed Political Economy upon a sounder scientific and ethical foundation than it had hitherto possessed, and to have built upon that foundation an ideal of a prosperous human society." This is a lofty

* "Sketch Books, etc." "Esmond, etc." "The Newcomes." By W. M. Thackeray. Biographical Edition. 6s. each volume. (Smith, Elder.)

* "John Ruskin, Social Reformer." By J. A. Hobson. 10s. 6d. (J. Nisbet and Co.)

claim, which will be attended with controversy. An interesting point clearly brought out by Mr. Hobson and admitting of no controversy is the noble inward unity and consistency which run through Mr. Ruskin's work from the beginning of his career as an author. Throughout his entire working life it has been his mission to maintain that truth, beauty, and righteousness are not only supreme, but essentially one and indivisible. In the art-work which occupied his early years, he showed that art can prosper only by the truthful, sincere and sympathetic search of the ideal in real life. Art must be prosecuted by pure minds towards noble ends. Work done for a corrupt people by base hands, however technically skilful, is not worthy of the name of art. "Let a nation be healthy, happy, pure in its enjoyments, brave in its acts, and broad in its affections, and its art will spring round and within it as freely as the foam from a fountain; but let the springs of its life be impure, and its course polluted, and you will not get the bright spray by treatises on the mathematical structure of bubbles."

A nation's art is the expression of its life, This is especially true of architecture, which is an outcome of the national life in a large form, visible to all. Meditation on this great fact of the dependence of art on national life moved Mr. Ruskin to undertake the labour of social reform. How could a country like England, which had polluted her rivers and had raised vast towns full of pale, stunted, and anæmic factory hands, wasting their lives in an Inferno of smoke and foul air—how could England produce or appreciate works of beauty? In such a country any art worthy of the name he believed to be impossible. The only way to work a reformation was to raise the life of the nation and to make a radical change in its economy both scientific and practical. Hence the crusade of Mr. Ruskin against English political economy and the writer who represented it at that time—John Stuart Mill.

There can be no doubt that in many important respects the polemic of Mr. Ruskin against English political economy was entirely justified. Nobody would now think of offering any defence of the abuses which attended the early development of British industrialism. There is a point of view from which it may be argued with some reason that the economists were in no way responsible for these abuses. In so far as the work was scientific their function was merely to give account of the facts as they found them. The conditions being as they were, their business was to elucidate the results which follow. Mr. Ruskin did not understand this scientific side of English economics, and following him, Mr. Hobson has failed to do justice to the topic. The chapter in which the indictment is brought against the current political economy is the least satisfactory part of his book. But the question is a technical one, which would take us too far afield. On the other hand, it may be argued, we think, with a far better show of reason, that the mere fact that the question is a technical one is a proof that English political economy as expounded by Ricardo and his followers has taken too narrow a view of its functions. Instead of being a guide on subjects of broad national concern, English political economy has spent its strength too much on technicality, hypothesis and abstraction. This was the fault of Ricardo. John Stuart Mill and his school suffered from it, and the chief living representatives of English political economy are content to follow the same course. Why should not a great subject be studied with all the light which may be obtained, not only from science in the widest sense of the word, but from history and ethics?

In this field it has been the mission of Mr. Ruskin to claim adequate attention for the ethical side of life. The practical aspects of this subject have never been entirely neglected by the English economists, but their conception of a social ideal as set forth in their writings has been sadly inadequate. In some cases they have merely expressed the pious wish that things might improve. In most cases they have suggested a little patching where radical measures of reconstruction should have been attempted. The study of the existing competitive system has led many of them on to the assumption that it is the only right and possible one. In all cases they have suffered because their horizon has been too limited, and their ideals, if they had any, have been unworthy. Inspired alike by the Greek conception of beauty and utility and by the Hebrew love of righteousness, Mr. Ruskin has set forth social ideals which are human, lovely, and noble. Art, science, and ethics join in the making of them. Mr. Ruskin is sometimes wayward and whimsical. He would be the last man to profess that he was always a safe guide. But in the main his social ideals are the best yet devised. Well will it be for the peoples of the English-speaking world if they can be wrought into their spiritual framework.

T. KIRKUP.

THE EMPEROR HADRIAN.*

"If," writes Gibbon in a memorable sentence, "a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would without hesitation name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus." Yet these eighty years, during which the Christian Church was silently developing and the Roman Empire silently decaying, are almost unknown to the average reader. Alike to the student of sacred and of profane history with the close of the first century of our era a thick mist seems to settle over the world. Into that enshrouding gloom even the zeal of theologians has failed to penetrate; and by a strange contrast, which is possibly instructive, while the figures of the Founder of Christianity and his immediate followers stand revealed in radiant sunlight, the origin of ecclesiastical institutions seems destined to be perpetually obscure. By the secular historian, however, the age of Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines certainly admits of being exhibited in a clearer light. Though he has no longer the brilliancy of Tacitus to guide or to mislead him, yet even the mediocrity of writers such as Spartianus, Dion Cassius, or Aurelius Victor does not diminish their value as authorities for this period, while every museum in Europe is crowded with its material memorials. It is the one great epoch which still calls for a great writer. Those years of marvellous calm from which there emerges a new and changed era demand a worthy record, and we should like to look face to face on the dim but heroic forms that dominate them. We know too much of Tiberius, of Caligula, and of Nero, and we would gladly know more of the Emperor who wrote the treatise "To Himself," with Faustina for a wife and Commodus for an heir, although even "the last of the Stoics" is perhaps a less pathetic, because less human, figure than the dying Hadrian as, amid his long agonies, he composes and repeats the most touching utterance of expiring paganism—

> Animula, vagula, blandula:
> Hospes comesque corporis,
> Quae nunc abibis in loca,
> Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
> Nec ut soles dabis jocos?

The reader to whom such thoughts occur—and they must occur to everyone—will take up this Life of Hadrian by the well-known author of "Rome in the Middle Ages" with an eager expectation which, on the whole, will not be disappointed. The translation, in the first place, is exceedingly well done in clear and crisp English, although here and there scholars will stumble over unaccented Greek or mistakes like *pro remedo* and *enphypnion*, while such a sentence as "The Aesthesis is the animal" (p. 285) is intolerable, even when supplemented by the information that another hybrid monster called "the Hormesis" is "animal as well as human." But, in spite of small defects, the book is one which no one will readily put down until he has finished it. It is well written, admirably subdivided into short chapters, each with a clearly-defined subject, and it overflows with information, the evidence for which is given in footnotes aided by an excellent "Bibliography" at the end. Throughout there is hardly a single page which is not interesting, because everywhere there is something new. Neither in the first half, which deals with the life of Hadrian, nor in the second, which discusses "the State and General Culture," is it ever dull.

None the less, the book has one considerable fault. It is too discursive and wanting in concentration. We catch glimpses of the "Proteus-like" Emperor, who is poet and painter, architect and administrator, with equal versatility; we see him restoring London and rebuilding Jerusalem; we scramble after him from Caledonia to the Nile cataracts, from Cadiz to Baalbec, but, as Prof. Pelham remarks in a brief but luminous introduction, we fail to grasp the "master-idea" which moves him. He is as ubiquitous, as interesting, and as elusive as the German Kaiser is to newspaper readers, and we get no real grasp of the greatness of the man who for over twenty years kept the

* "The Emperor Hadrian." By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated by Mary E. Robinson. (London: Macmillan and Co.) Pp. 414. 12s. net.

civilized world at peace with an army thinly scattered along its immense frontiers, the size of which a single European state would now hold inadequate, while throughout all Italy and in "the five hundred cities of Asia" hardly a soldier was to be seen. So, too, in the second part we have a series of most interesting chapters on many separate subjects, but nowhere any large and comprehensive appreciation of the period as a whole, no clear expression of its great antithesis—on the one side *immensa Romanae pacis majestas* and an universal prosperity, on the other a slow but sure deterioration in art and literature, in ancient beliefs and in ancient virtues. Yet none the less, whoever studies these chapters can read their lesson for himself. The account here given of the honours heaped upon vapid rhetoricians such as Favorinus, Polemon, and Herodes Atticus shows that men had lost all sense of the distinction between what is great and what is puerile in the field of letters. The account of the "Deification of Antinous" and of his innumerable statues demonstrates by itself that alike in art, in morals, and in religion this apparently golden age was in reality cankered and perishing. The fact is plain everywhere. It is visible in the senseless ostentation of Hadrian's villa, and illustrated equally by the pious regrets of Plutarch and the profane gibes of Lucian. The old order of things was passing away, and it was not to be re-established by virtuous repinings or witty unbelief, but by those "poor devils," as Lucian calls them (p. 291), who "imagined that they were immortal," and on whom "their first Lawgiver inculcated the belief that they were all brothers . . . and should pray to that crucified Sophist (*τὸν ἀνεσκολοπισμένον ἐκεῖνον σοφιστήν*) and live according to His precepts." T. E. PAGE.

THE THIRD DUKE OF GRAFTON.*

The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, by giving to the world the Grafton Autobiography, has vindicated a respectable name from the reproach cast on it by the carelessness of Walpole and the venom of Junius. Lest we forget, let it be noted at once that he thinks Lord Temple must have inspired and touched up, if he did not actually write, the notorious Letters, and perhaps the "Candor" and "Anti-Sejanus" papers also. His arguments seem to me to carry great weight. Why should Francis, a mere War-Office clerk, have singled out Grafton and Bedford for an absurdly violent attack? Temple owed them a peculiar personal grudge. And how came that clerk to write as one behind the remotest back-scenes of political life? I may add that if Chabot and other experts have identified the handwriting of Francis, they prove at most that he wrote out the final fair copy. However, if Sir William is right, one would still like to believe that Francis had a hand in mixing the poison, for the collaboration of two such spiteful toads goes far to explain its virulence.

The Editor's Introduction is concise but adequate, full of matter, and in tone very temperate and judicial. His freedom from the usual hero-of-the-book-worship prejudices us in favour of the Duke, whose memoirs certainly tend to confirm the impression. They are printed from the original MS., and enriched with really useful and apposite notes by the Editor. The Duke inserted many valuable letters in his text, and others are now added as supplements to the chapters—all, I presume, from the Grafton archives.

He was born in 1735, and addressed his memoirs to his son in 1814. They deal only with his public life, which began in 1756 and closed in 1783. Our extravagant interest in the party politics of that period seems to have waned with the decline of port. Perhaps both tastes are now reviving. If so, the renascence has not reached me; poor, mismanaged England still seems more absorbing than the squabbles of her rival oligarchs. But the Duke, as he reveals himself, is an interesting personality, in strange contrast to the vulgar estimate founded on the libellers. He was not a great nor successful statesman, but an honest patriot, and as sound a politician as a man can ever be who follows the trade without a vocation, and purely from a sense of duty. The profligate monster of Junius turns out to have been a simple, domesticated man, who from sheer inexperience in profligacy allowed the one serious passion of his life to wreck his home. The stranger to honour and virtue was a singularly liberal, just, and fair-minded citizen, a most loyal and affectionate friend, a sincere and, in his latter days, a very devout Christian. His writing has an agreeable flavour. There is a good deal of Wellington's unpolished simplicity and modesty, which are so charming wedded to their old-fashioned, parliamentary turns of speech. This prosy old Duke is excellent company for a rainy day—so courteous, so kind, so careful not to give offence. We shall not listen long to his reminiscences without loving him for two graces not often found in public life—gratitude, for he never forgets an obligation—and magnanimity, for he has always ingenious excuses for his enemies, and of Junius not a single word. Y. Y.

* "The Autobiography and Political Correspondence of the Third Duke of Grafton." Edited by Sir W. R. Anson. (J. Murray.)

PAN AND THE YOUNG SHEPHERD.*

The English pastoral degenerated long ago into the deadest and dreariest of literary forms—it is difficult to explain why. And yet here a poet has adopted something of the form, and has not choked his poetry with it. But, of course, he has defied most of the known laws of the pastoral in producing his unaccountable, original, and delightful piece of work, the freshest thing in imaginative literature that has been seen for a long time past. The scene is laid in a "Pastoral Country: Champney Valtort in Pascency, and the Hills about it." Let Pascency be where it will. I know where the persons of the drama are native: some in the land of pure poesy, and the rest in Dorsetshire. Though perhaps Warwickshire may put in a counter claim to the humorists. One would have said that humour applied to the pastoral, the poetic pastoral, would have dissolved it utterly. To learn the contrary, read here how the young shepherd Neanias has longings beyond his vales, to know the world and Love, how, wandering away, he wins the heart of one of the seven Daughters of the Earth, though she is dedicate to Pan, and brings her home, to wean her from strange non-human, beautiful joys, makes her a loved household drudge, and thereby gives her a soul; how her other sisters fall in love with the graceful, youthful shepherd—a stern moralist, for all his dreaminess—and yet lament the uncomprehended fate of Aglaë; how Pan, breathing vengeance for the theft of the maiden, entices her back, yet, since he is not ever the dark terror-striking one, but likewise the god of cheerful shepherd-feasts—in the guise of a shag-haired, masterful man who "knows something of sheep"—he strikes a bargain. To Neanias the slim, white-faced Virgin of Dawn; to himself a human daughter in exchange. And Merla the uncouth, all sinew and tan, her "breath like a cow-pasture," deeply and hopelessly in love with Neanias, is the sacrifice. With Pan, though she calls him "old shagpole" to his face, she consents to "sing the song of all the world."

But the idyll of Neanias has other witnesses. Teucer, Mopsus, and Sphorx are delightful company. Mr. Hardy knows them well, and has presented us to their cousins in that other unconventional pastoral, "Under the Greenwood Tree." Their solemn fooling may be inspired by mere high spirits on Mr. Hewlett's part, but in any case it breeds laughter just as fresh as is the pure spontaneous poetry of the ideal portions.

SPHORX.

Alack, no vessel am I, but an humble instrument, friends, of the Lord's making, the Lord's making. Well! I will sing ye a stave of an old antient tune, perhaps you know it. 'Tis all of a man and—

GERON.

And a woman, for a thousand pound!

SPHORX.

There is mention of a female, and of cider, and of sheep, and of a man's wife or wives.

MOPSUS.

God's justice! Had he more nor one in the song?

TENCER.

A man may do what he will in a song.

And then follows the song, a bit of rollicking, inspiriting nonsense,

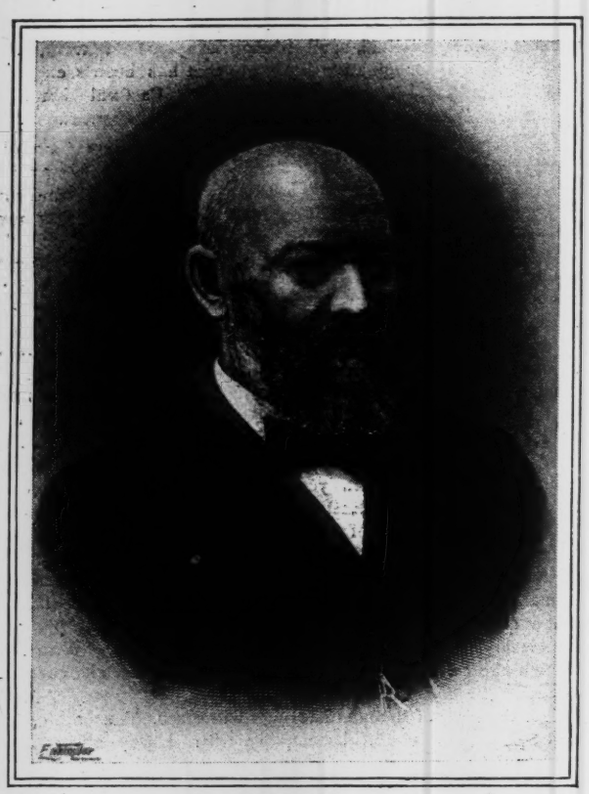
The verse portions are rough, untrimmed. Whether they would lose or gain by better care and finer polish, is a question readers are not likely to agree on. But the well-spring of poetry in this little drama of the hills and dales is certain and pure. We say at the end, with Neanias, "Your shepherd is very near to Earth. He grows up from her lap, he never quite leaves her bosom; he is her foster-child. He may hear her heart-beats and drink of her tears. If she smiles he

* "Pan and the Young Shepherd." A Pastoral in two Acts. By Maurice Hewlett. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

knoweth why. He has listened and he knoweth. She telleth him her secret thoughts; all the day long he may lie close in her arms. No man so proper for that sweet bed; no man may be so ready to die and mingle with her." A. M.

A RUSSIAN DRAMA.*

Those who read Mr. Garnett's preface after they have read this play, may be troubled that they cannot echo the warm eulogy therein. We hesitate, and then feel we cannot. It is one of the things that must lose force when they cross their native frontiers. A great part of its interest, at least to us, is not merely human or artistic, but directly instructive, as telling us of some awful possibilities in the Russian domestic life of a past generation. We do not think it is so poetical or so sublimely stormy as do Mr. Garnett and the Russian critics.



OSTROVSKY.

But it is striking and very pathetic—simple even to baldness, quite unforced, perfectly natural, we feel, even amid the strangeness of its circumstances. It is a play made for the stage, not for reading by the fireside, where it strikes one as too frugal of literary effect. "An abiding analysis of a people's temperament," Mr. Garnett calls it. Well, it does suggest darkly and gloomily the national types; and perhaps there was direct intention of so doing, else why are Kuligin, the dreamer, and Feklusha, the pilgrim woman, neither having any essential connection with the story, introduced? Kuligin is, of course, useful as mouthing the wrongs that cling about and hide in the little provincial town, but these are sufficiently evident in the conduct and conversation of the chief personages. In his words, however, are the easiest key to the general situation. "But what are the rich about? You'd wonder why they shouldn't walk about and enjoy the fresh air. But not a bit of it! They've all had their gates, sir, locked up long ago, and their dogs let loose. . . . Do you suppose they are at work at their business, or praying to God? No, sir! And it's not for fear of thieves they lock themselves up; it's that folks shouldn't see the way they ill-treat their household, and bully their families. And the tears that flow behind those bolts, unseen, unheard of! . . . And the sordid, sodden vice within those barred gates, sir! And all hidden and buried—no one sees or knows anything of it, God alone beholds it!"

"The Storm" is a protest against the monstrous patriarchal system; and the revelation of a sensitive, delicate, joy-loving nature wrecked and killed by household tyranny, while her natural protector, her husband, as well as her lover, stay placid and helpless before domestic bullies in the shape of mother and uncle. Here in the West the conditions of tragedy would not be fulfilled by this story, where the world is divided into the bullies and the feeble. Here we demand, at least, some resisting struggle against brute force. But the conditions of tragedy in Russia, in old Russia, are different, and non-resistance is evidently one of them.

* "The Storm." By Ostrovsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

MR. BINYON'S LONDON VISIONS.*

Sober and tender of mood, ignoring conventions, but setting none at defiance, indifferent to the fashion of the hour, yet quivering with a profound and thoughtful love of human life, Mr. Binyon goes on his way, uneager to attract attention by trick or eccentricity, yet with certain step towards the full expression of a deep-feeling and watchful nature. Only when he leaves London behind him does he seem cold, and artistically possessed of mere surface emotions. The hum of the great city stirs his depths. With the contact of the crowd he finds himself. As yet it is rather the sorrowful side of life he interprets, but he rarely forces the note of tragedy, and his natural austerity keeps him strong and wholesome in the midst of his grieving.

Of the ten pieces here, one, "The Threshold," somewhat Wordsworthian in temper, is only dignified. To all the others, especially "The Reformer," "Salvation Seekers," and the scenic portions of "The Road Menders," we feel much more warmly. But space allows us to dwell only on one poem, which surpasses all the rest in intensity, in solemnity, and in tenderness. "The Statues" is a wonderful new reading of an old, old theme. Its age is the burden of Mr. Binyon's chant. There is no dallying with a terrible subject; but a sublime pity almost more than human finds its utterance.

They haunt the shadows of your ways
In masks of perishable mould:
Their souls a changing flesh arrays,
But they are changeless from of old.

. . . . . .

When sages, star-instructed men,
To the young glory of Babylon
Foreknew no ending; even then
Innumerable years had flown,

Since first the chisel in her hand
Necessity, the sculptor, took,
And in her spacious meaning planned
These forms, and that eternal look;

These foreheads, moulded from afar,
These soft, unfathomable eyes,
Gazing from darkness, like a star;
These lips, whose grief is to be wise.

. . . . . .

There is no bliss so new and dear,
It hath not them far-off allured.
All things that we have yet to fear
They have already long endured,

Nor is there any sorrow more
Than hath ere now befallen these,
Whose gaze is as an opening door
On wild interminable seas.

* "Second Book of London Visions." By Laurence Binyon. The Shilling Garland. (Elkin Mathews.)

THE PERFECT WAGNERITE.†

What tremors and flutters will Mr. Shaw's commentary cause in Wagner sanctuaries! Those coteries from which the breath of the rude prosaic world of commerce and politics is carefully shut out, where the only practical considerations that ever trouble the minds of the members are the placing of an operatic orchestra and the construction of the ideal Festival Playhouse, will be shaken and angry. For Mr. Shaw with his overwhelming cleverness, his remarkable ingenuity, has been undermining their calm foundations, breaking down their protecting walls, and accusing them of most culpable imperfections as Wagnerites. The Perfect Wagnerite is a Revolutionist—

† "The Perfect Wagnerite: A Commentary on the Ring of the Niblungs." By Bernard Shaw. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

not a man of barricades and dynamite, of course, but a mildly, persistently subversive Fabian. Now no harm will be done if the calm comfort of the Wagner sanctuaries be disturbed by blasts from the rough outer world. But if Mr. Shaw's treatise be successful—and it is far too clever to miss its effect—there will be another and a more distressing result. If the "Ring" be merely the Fabian programme clothed in a garment of German legend and beautiful music, Wagnerism will be recruited from new circles, from the serious political moralists, from such members of Socialist clubs as have no concern at all with art and music. Yet art and music will now seem very practical matters indeed. Every Labour Congress will have its bust of the Master, and to his leit motifs will be sung election songs. Up and down the country his name will be bandied on political platforms. Wagner will become an intolerable bore—worse than Browning threatened to be in the hands of the societies. And there will be a tremendous strengthening of the idea—always too strong amongst us—that art, no matter how it adds to the joy and beauty in the world, is after all a frivolous matter, unless it furthers some definite end of public good or private morals. The Perfect Wagnerite will be he who, knowing just enough of music to distinguish "God save the Queen" from "Yankee Doodle," will now fervently hold that in the list of the world's great artists, Beethoven cannot hold a candle to Wagner.

Mr. Shaw builds on a kind of foundation, of course. Wagner was a Revolutionist, and suffered for his opinions in '48. He had some kind of Revolutionary ideas in his head when he wrote the "Ring." He didn't quite know what he meant, and so, like the great musician he was, put all his genius and energy into the music. Mr. Shaw obligingly tells him what he meant—the Fabian programme. He is aggressively cocksure about it; tells the unmusical folk he addresses that the musical critics are ignoramuses if they venture to contradict him. But the musical critics will continue audaciously to assert that he is ingeniously, brilliantly, amusingly wrong. No one, however, can afford to miss his commentary. We have found it delightful reading. He catches your attention at once either in clearing up the muddled narrative of the dramas, or in drawing their moral. The account of the "Rheingold" begins thus: "Let me assume for a moment that you are a young and good-looking woman. Try to imagine yourself in that character at Klondyke five years ago, etc., etc." This is how he explains the helmet forged by Mime for Alberic. It is "a very common article in our streets, where it generally takes the form of a tall hat. It makes a man invisible as a shareholder, and changes him into various shapes, such as a pious Christian, a subscriber to hospitals, a benefactor of the poor, a model husband and father, a shrewd, practical, independent Englishman, and what not, when he is really a pitiful parasite in the commonwealth, consuming a great deal, and producing nothing, feeling nothing, knowing nothing, believing nothing, and doing nothing except what all the rest do, and that only because he is afraid not to do it, or at least pretend to do it."

As an isolated treatise on public morality Mr. Shaw's little book is admirable. As a commentary it is a piece of serious-minded impertinence. Only a writer undisturbed by the faintest glimmering of imagination could have written anything of such unrivalled cleverness and such plausible ingenuity.

NOVEL NOTES.

RICROFT OF WITHENS. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 6s. (Unwin.)

When Mr. Sutcliffe writes of his northern moors, he is at his best. As yet none of his excursions far from them have been justified. He makes the wild land and its influence real to us, even when he fails to render the dwellers very life-like. There is a certain shadowiness about all the personages in this story, though they spend their time in giving and taking hard knocks. But they are shadows with form enough to let our imaginations play around them on the lines suggested by Mr. Sutcliffe; lively, agile puppets with romantic histories, who dance to grim and stirring tunes. It is a story of the Jacobite rising in England in 1745. Prince Charlie makes a very creditable appearance, and has the support of the doughty hero, the dauntless Kit Ricroft. He boasts of his Highlanders, who "would fight on a sodden biscuit, washed down with mouthfuls of sleet driven by the wind between their chattering jaws," and beat the best of the English, too; but he is given a sample of the powers of the Ling Crag men, and has to own they have their qualities. Indeed, they were trained to fight, were used to surprises, robberies, sudden deaths, constant attacks and instant retaliation; for in their midst the insolent tribe of the Carlesses had settled, holding all save themselves in scorn, as only meet to be robbed or as food for their swords. The fight at the end between them and Withens's men is a vigorous thing, and we feel if ever bridegroom deserved a bride, it was Kit when he cleared the country side of the rascals and rescued the heroine from their thrall.

A DELIVERANCE. By Allan Monkhouse. 6s. (Lane.)

The earlier part of this story gives little hint of the strong interest of the end. The last half contains the gist of the whole, and a very original and very painful situation. Before it develops fully we have a picture of social life in the provinces, with clever, somewhat Meredithian conversations. Where satire is indulged in, it is amusing, and harmless, and apt. "Miss Pope received the suggestion graciously, and, perceiving that literature offered an opening, declared a preference for the Scotch stories of Mr. MacTaggart. Glancing at the bookshelves she said, 'Milton, too, is very fine!'" We have all met Miss Pope. But Miss Pope and her kind have nothing to do with the real purpose of the story. Two women and a man are concerned with that. The man loves and venerates and is dependent on one of the women, who has a strong, confident, generous, cheerful nature, and a bright, stimulating intellect. By the way, she is a reviewer by profession. The other woman is no fool, but she appeals to the lower part of him. She is not very successfully depicted; and her conduct is often ridiculous, but we can see what Mr. Monkhouse is driving at. The man is dying, and the good, clever woman spends her days and nights in tending him, in keeping his thoughts away from death, in trying to make his mind rise above his situation. This strain to keep on a high level is obviously good for his health. He loves her, never compares her rival with her for a moment, but he sinks into the arms of the lower woman in the end, because she will let him be just what his weakness dictates, fearful, fretful, and despairing. No wonder when he dies she wants sunlight and flowers and bright colours. The title is descriptive of the relief of both.

ABSALOM'S HAIR and A PAINFUL MEMORY. By Björnstjerne Björnson. 3s. net. (Heinemann.)

Those who have read "The Heritage of the Kurts" will recognise "Absalom's Hair" as very much akin to that wild story. Indeed, there is Kurt blood in some of the chief personages. But "Absalom's Hair" is a great deal more amazing, a great deal less comprehensible, and even rather more revolting. A horde of savages, on whom had suddenly been foisted our modern speech, opinions, and intellectual jargon, might comport themselves in some such fashion as the characters here, but we doubt if Norway of to-day could produce anything remotely resembling them. Each personage is a puzzle, to whom Björnson has evidently no key. The story, if such it can be called, is as disconnected and fatiguing as a bad dream, and only stern duty kept us bound to it to the end. A French novel is the commonly accepted type of the demoralising in fiction; but Northern literature can beat French hollow for repulsiveness, and Björnson has an unhappy distinction among the Scandinavians. "A Painful Memory" is painful indeed, but not revolting.

THE SECRET OF KYRIELS. By E. Nesbit. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

When this writer expresses herself in prose, we have learnt to expect, as a rule, something prosaic. Her verse is distinguished, her tales are not. But they are generally capable and vigorous, and she has a clear notion of the essentials of a good story. This one makes an appeal only as a story. It is not poetical at all; nor reflective, nor psychologically interesting. But it has an elaborately constructed plot. Every reader will make shots at guessing the secret ere the first few chapters have gone by, and everybody will be wrong; which proves the writer's cleverness and care in the kind of tale she proposed to weave. In all probability "The Secret of Kyriels" will have many readers who will follow the windings of the plot and the varied incidents with real interest. There is, we think, one serious flaw. The secret turns round a story which, interpreted by ordinary, simple-minded, not evil-minded readers, supposes certain actions and conduct on the part of personages we are not meant to condemn, which might be described as uncon-

ventional, to put it mildly. But "E. Nesbit" is determined that her story shall be austerely respectable, that all the personages save the villain shall come off without a stain upon their characters. So she has to turn and twist her plot, and explain and dodge probabilities in a rather fatiguing fashion It would

E. NESBIT (MRS. HUBERT BLAND).

have been better to have invented a secret respectable beyond suspicion.

THE FIELD OF CLOVER. By Laurence Housman. 6s. (Kegan Paul.)

There is a story in this volume that surpasses everything Mr. Housman has written, save only the inimitable "Gods and their Makers." It is called "The Passionate Puppets," and it tells of two marionettes that when pulled by strings by their inventor, perform love scenes of such simplicity, pathos, and strength, that gentle and simple are melted and moved. The puppets only represent the inventor's own love story. He can make them act nothing else, but every gesture of their wooden limbs seems an impulse of the heart. The little tale is a master-piece. Nothing else in the book quite equals it; though everywhere we find Mr. Housman's power of guiding us into the realm of faërie is growing. His style, always simple enough in appearance, is growing in straightforward strength, and his gift of suggesting a beautiful world is richer. Sometimes we are puzzled and defeated by the presence of a meaning we cannot all divine; in "The Bound Princess," for instance, and in "The Feeding of the Emigrants." But in "The Passionate Puppets" all is plain, yet beautiful and profound. The illustrations are in his own unvarying and characteristic style.

A ROMANCE OF CANVAS TOWN, and other Stories. By Rolf Boldrewood. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Boldrewood's late stories have been so prosy and so commonplace, our expectations from him have run down so low, that for any slight increase in vivacity or variety of incident, for the slightest evidence of care in style, we are sincerely grateful. The tales in this volume are probably above his recent level, though if an unknown writer were to present us with anything so dull as "The Governess of the Poets" we should advise him to change his calling. But "The Fencing of Wandarsona" is distinctly interesting, not as fiction, and not from its literary qualities—though it is a much more vigorous bit of writing than has come from his pen for years—but for its vivid pictures of station life and work, at various seasons of the year, in the sixties. Old ranchers will become young again in reading of the contest between shepherding and fencing, and of hopes and fears and struggles and triumphs of the enterprising colonists.

THE DUKE'S SERVANTS. By S. H. Burchell. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)

The writer of historical romance is at a disadvantage; he has no "actuality" to help him and his characters are none the fresher for the more or less fatiguing parts they may happen to have played in history. We do not go to his pages for soul-searching and subtle characterization; but, in the absence of stirring adventure, soul there must be, and it takes more of it to animate a doublet and hose than would carry off a frock-coat and umbrella. There is plenty of plot in Mr. Burchell's book, but the figures move through it in a somewhat confusing manner. Part II. tells of the hero, Harold Lincoln's adventures with "The Duke's Servants" (players in the service of Buckingham), but, though excellent in itself, it suffers from being somewhat insecurely attached to Part I. In the same way the story of Felton and Katherine de Vaux has little to do with the main interest of the book. The style is clear and unpretentious, and good enough for all purposes of dialogue and narration. Apart from a pernicious system of nomenclature, there is plenty of humour in the minor characters, especially in that of Job Grapplefee, the faithful attorney (a new character in fiction!)

CORRAGEEN IN '98. By Mrs. Orpen. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Orpen is here as capable a friend to law and order as she proved herself to be in "Perfection City" to the cause of downright common sense. She is terribly commonsensible: that's the worst of her. That she can withstand the corrosive influence which the climate of Ireland has on all practical considerations, shows her to be very wonderful, especially as she knows all the fairy stories, and her stock of material contains all the elements of romance. Her close knowledge of Ireland, of Irish types, even those she disapproves of, and Irish history and legend, has quite prevented the sensibleness of the story or the rebellion of '98 ever degenerating into dulness or dryness. Indeed, "Corrageen" is a very clever, brisk, and interesting tale, and Mrs. Orpen, who does not "fear to speak of '98" and its rebels in unflattering tones, must gladden the hearts of the Irish friends of England's rule who have lamented the fact that somehow the imaginative talent of their country has nearly always been on the other side.

NIGEL FERRARD. By G. M. Robins. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

That old tiresome aid to the weaver of plots—the loss of the heroine's memory for many years—is again made use of here. But the writer is evidently aware it needs the support of something more novel, and has racked her brain to find new and unheard-of circumstances. We cannot say her invention has been very happy. A sleep-walking girl wanders away till she finds herself on the roof of a house. On waking, she looks through a sky-light at a ghastly scene. A man is under the operator's knife. When the effect of the narcotic passes off, he nearly succumbs. Poisoned brandy is given him, and he dies. Then the girl falls through the skylight, and when she recovers consciousness, remembers nothing of herself or her former life. Needless to say, she marries the operator years later, and then one day wakes up to recall a disagreeable scene in which he had been an actor. Luckily, he was not the guilty man, and after many tortuous windings, things come right again, though the rights and the wrongs of a plot so absurd and artificial matter very little to anyone. But, strange to say, apart from the plot, the book is quite up to the average standard of the novels of the hour.

A TOUCH OF THE SUN. By Mrs. Aylmer Gowing. 6s. (Burleigh.)

The "touch of the sun" had a very bad effect on the character of Miss Aimée Hildebrand. She was a Eurasian, and full of bitterness for the treatment which her mother and herself in early years had received. She determined to pay it all back, and while a mere schoolgirl she was more than a match for such specimens of the conquering race as she came across. Hubert Daventry seemed to her a suitable husband, but he loved her devoted friend Mildred. "'I will marry Maurice,' she resolved, gulping her humiliation down. 'I must take him as a stepping-stone to freedom; but Hubert

shall never marry the white-faced girl he prefers to me. No, the despised Eurasian will look to that!' Thus she inwardly determined, with an oath of the dark religion which wreaks revenge upon a foe and calls it virtue." She kept the vow, and her history is not an agreeable one; but if you can be impressed by melodrama, you will own Mrs. Gowing has distinct talents. When the story is removed to India, to the court of the Nawab and to his harem, the interest thickens, and the air of unreality that hung round the English scenes, seems to vanish.

THE MAYFAIR MARRIAGE. A London and Paris Book. By Grammont Hamilton. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Taken in snatches this book is delicious fooling. Taken as a whole, one finds the writer now and then loses the farcical knack, and when his mixture of sentiment, transcendentalism, and Paris frocks has the air of being serious, it becomes intolerable. To do him justice, there are few pages that cannot raise a laugh. But the story is quite unreviewable. One can only hint at its subject—a fashionable *ménage* of two babies, intellectual babies, chronicled by the wife, a young, beautiful, aristocratic woman, overflowing with soul, ecstatically religious, rabidly patriotic—to Scotland and France—a fervent devotee of all White Rose causes, who has the most limitless flow of gush on philosophy, the affections, the Stuarts, and the *fleur de lys*, who rushes with divine innocence into the most compromising situations, and holds desperate, dare-devil lovers in thrall with her babble of fairyland and passion, and everything intense and remote. The husband pretends to be a little older—he is a barrister, having his career made for him by his fascinating wife—plays the critic, even the cynic, for two or three minutes at a time, but returns immediately, and with a spring, to the manners of the precocious nursery-child. It is useless to try to quote, but let us try. "I asked Julian if he thought the secret of beauty was comfort.

"'Why, obviously!' he replied.

"'But I mean, Julie, would Plato have said that?'"

This is the way her admirers talk to Sappho—so is the lady called. "You are a reincarnation of Lady Hamilton, with the soul of Balzac, and the heart of a child." And you would not wonder if you heard her infantile, blasphemous, transcendental, irrelevant, poetic, amusing chatter. The story ends with a mystery, but with good reasons for practical cheerfulness, too. "My husband was now Q.C., M.P., Anglo-French Minister, with an income of £30,000 a year, and we were solving the problem of marriage with a firm belief in its divinity." The book is not for serious persons, but for the recreation of such as have once been so.

A KING LEAR OF THE STEPPES and other Stories. By Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett. 3s. net. (Heinemann.)

Two of the strongest of the great Russian's minor works are in this volume. The title-story and the second, "Faust," are wonderful revelations of the hidden things of the human heart and mind. The outward circumstances of the Russian version of Lear are the more remarkable and impressive; but passion as the wrecker has rarely been so powerfully yet so simply and delicately represented as in the other. There is not a note too loud; not a thought strained in this story of a precious, fragile, exquisite thing, set apart by austere and devoted hands from the reach of the stormy emotions, and of how the precious thing is dashed in pieces, when another hand, thoughtlessly liberating, opens up its hiding-place to the ravaging winds of the heart. A third story, "Acia," has charm and delicacy, but the strong interest of the book lies round the other two. Mrs. Garnett has done her work excellently.

A HARD MASTER. By M. H. Cornwall Legh. 6s. (Service and Paton.)

This story harks back to a very unhealthy kind of fiction which was much in vogue a generation ago. We recognise Rupert Fitzjames as an old acquaintance, and we find him as revolting as ever. So does Lydia Burton, the companion of his invalid sister, and general *protegée* of the household, while her young instincts are fresh and uncorrupted. She looks on him as an inhuman tyrant, an arbitrary dictator, as conceited, ungenerous, and mulish; and she is mostly right. His own household regard him as an immaculate saint, a just judge, a great beneficent power, and his will is never questioned. We are asked to take the view of his household; but emphatically decline. Poor Lydia, however, driven out by one of his benevolent projects to a hard life, tossed to and fro between dreary employment and miserable vagrancy with her gipsy father, and bribed by Rupert's gifts—for he loves to play the watchful protecting Providence only less than to be the snivelling schoolmaster, with the rod in his hand and on his lips the old formula, "This hurts me, my child, much more than you"—marries him in the end. She gave promise at the beginning of better things. The beatification of Rupert, who, a narrow-minded and stupid man, aims at settling others' fates, and gloats, not cruelly, but sensuously, over the punishments he inflicts, is nauseating. Surely no girl of average intelligence over seventeen would take the story seriously, but for any who should do so we can think of few books more harmful than this one, that seems to glory in the debasement of the human will and the degrading of the sense of dignity.

THE CONFESSION OF CATHERINE SFORZA. By John B. Ruff 6s. (Dent.)

We cannot help wishing this story had been put into dramatic shape. It would have made an effective melodrama. Indeed, it would be very easy to turn it into a play now, for it is singularly free from irrelevances and from padding. But even in its present form it is striking, a good deal more striking than agreeable. The abrupt, bold style adopted is the natural one for the circumstances. Just so must a woman with a history like that of Catherine Sforza have written, had she written at all. In the keen, straightforward, unapologetic manner, Mr. Ruff has reflected very cleverly the fashion of actual Italian autobiographies of those who have taken fate into their own hands, whom a fight with circumstances has made criminal. Catherine, a descendant of the old historic Sforzas, is imbued by Pazzini her tutor with revolutionary principles, and plays a part in the struggle for Italian liberty. Later, the tutor, her evil genius, persuades her that her husband, a good patriot, is unfaithful. He falls by her hand, and she flees under the protection of Pazzini to London. He intimidates her into marriage, and it is only after long years that she learns the extent of his villainy, and forces him to pay the full price of it. The end is extremely melodramatic, but the sensation is not feeble or unnatural. Another writer might have softened the story by making an onlooker at the tragedy tell it. Then explanations and condonations would have been possible. The autobiographical form is harsh but impressive. Yet, we repeat, the plot calls for dramatic treatment.

THE ISLAND OF SEVEN SHADOWS. By Roma White. 6s. (Innes.)

Unhappily for the lover of romantic legend, the island with the fascinating name plays but a slight part in the story. The tradition that gave rise to the name is related, and there are references to old religious customs and political superstitions. It makes an interesting background, but we grudge it for that purpose, for it is not an inevitable one. The links that bind it to the personages of the drama might easily be severed. These could fulfil their destinies just as well at Brighton or Clapham. And yet we are far from meaning to disparage a very capable, a very sympathetic story. The friendship between the two women, Mary and Joan, the deep contrast between their natures, the several kinds of influence they wield over all they come in contact with, Mary's elusive charm and her attitude towards the four men who give proof of being willing to devote their lives to her, are described with a delicate subtlety far beyond the reach of the ordinary writer of novels. Hervé is much too young and unformed to be worth the prominence he gets, and the tragedy of the old Breton Marquis is so impressive that it should have been made the subject of a book by itself, in which there should be no London drawing-room scenes, and no intrusive English tourists. For mere intruding tourists do Menzies and Ainslie and Mary and Joan seem in Sethyfgodden, though at home in their own land we should feel their histories to be romantic and pathetic. Miss White has failed to combine effectively two bundles of excellent material, though she would have been able to treat each separately with more than common strength. In the conception of the story she has made an artistic mistake, and even her unusual literary powers have not been enough to efface the consequences.

THE ADVENTURERS. By H. B. Marriott Watson. 6s. (Harper

A tale of treasure-trove, the scene of which is laid in England of the present day, in which a London barrister is very particularly concerned, as well as wild Greek villains and

Chilian adventurers, presents a good deal of piquant novelty. To think that a railway journey, and, at the end of it, only a slight divergence from the beaten track, may land us in a mediæval castle whose guardian has only been waiting to see our ingenuous countenance to bequeath to us his domains and all their secrets, is a far more stimulating idea than any suggested by the treasure stories of other hemispheres and other ages. That it may seem possible we force ourselves into our most credulous mood. Quite in vain. The whole thing stares with improbabilities. We know no villain would have dared what the suave ex-valet dared. We know the portcullis would not have worked. We know the pursuit of Greatorex over London is a wild exaggeration. We know that there is no neighbourhood so sleepy, so dead, but would have roused itself effectively ere all the attacks and sieges

From Photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

MR. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

recorded could have taken place. Yet we read on delightedly. The invention is often desperate; another turn of the screw, and the whole thing would go to pieces. But the perilous mechanism keeps intact. Mr. Watson carries his difficult project through to the end. The treasure is lost. Two honest men and a bad one are victims of the desperate struggle, but the inventor comes out triumphant. Everywhere we see the mechanician putting together the pieces of his clever toy. Possibly it is his craft rather than its results we admire. But we do admire, and that cordially, this quite impossible and most entertaining story of treasure and of the Welsh marches.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY: An Idyll of the Welsh Mountains. By John Finnemore. 6s. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

The verdict of most readers of this story will be that while the "custom of the country" is peculiar, the customs collectively are detestable. We were never brought so near to loathing of Wales as in this tale, and surely that is an unfortunate effect for a Welsh "idyll" to produce. The Welsh heroine is the mother of a child when she marries Austen, the English hero, though she has not been married before. But the circumstances are such that no public or private morality has been outraged thereby. A "custom of the country" covers the circumstance protectingly. When the disagreeable Englishwoman, who is the hero's mother, knows the fact, she is cruel. Margaret runs back to her father—in her husband's absence—and that grim old carle keeps her a prisoner, and dares Austen to come near her. Nor does Margaret seem to protest. Austen behaves like the patient, stolid Englishman he is, and things come right in the end; but the sample of Welsh manners and customs he experienced would have made him flee from the hills of the Cymri as far as Madagascar had he been very sensitive. There is a good description of the search for the grim old father in the snow, but the main narrative is unsatisfactory. Mr. Finnemore owes Wales some supplementary pictures.

SWEET AUDREY. By George Morley. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

The Warwickshire dialect which appears all through these stories is wonderfully pleasant to read—neither harsh nor unintelligible. Mr. Morley has a pleasant and picturesque knack in story telling, too, which carries his book pleasantly along. The stories are intended, he tells us, "to depict one phase of female temperament," the particular phase being made evident by the sub-title, "Scenes of Country Life and Town Glamour." There are eleven stories, all dealing with the experiences and fate of homespun lasses who yield to the allurements of the gay and flaunting town. It need hardly be said that the tales are sad ones, even of that peculiar chilling sadness which depresses without softening. This at least is the tendency, though Mr. Morley has a certain vivacity of description and dialogue, and a degree of human sympathy that saves the book from dreariness.

A LOTUS FLOWER. By S. Morgan-de-Groot. 6s. (Blackwood.)

One must always make allowance for translations, or rather for the originals which have the luck, hardly good luck always, to be translated. "A Lotus Flower" does not strike us as a very remarkable story, but Dutch critics, including the eminent Professor Ten Brink, praise "Bouton de Rose"—under which name it appeared in Holland—in such high terms that one is almost bound to think it must have lost a great deal in being turned into English. Yet it would be hard on the translator to put it down to him that it is over lengthy; that the plot and characters are kept ill in hand; that the sentiment is often flabby. But, even as we read it, it is far from being a worthless or a dull book. There is a good situation, there are a few well-conceived characters, some interesting national contrasts, Swedish and Dutch, and one or two scenes that gather all our attention about them. Hilda, the "rose-bud" of the Dutch, the "lotus-flower" of the English version—both names are equally inapt—is a romantic young woman who demands poetry in her life, and quite wisely, too, for her temperament needs it. We never deny the sincerity of her discontent, nor her grievance. Her Dutch husband is terribly prosaic, insensitive, self-absorbed, and unresponsive. When she takes her fate into her own hands and leaves him, we think she has chosen the wise part. Her life would otherwise have been hopelessly dreary and useless. With her anger against the atmosphere of her Dutch home, ruled by the traditions of her husband's relatives, we feel much sympathy. "Thoroughness," their one ideal, she was probably quite right in thinking of as mere stiffness, stupidity, and deadness to beauty. One almost wonders Mr. Morgan-de-Groot was praised so highly in Holland, which he has described as a very dull and misty land with a heavy sky; while Sweden, the land of the heroine, is visited by sudden gleams wakening the heart, keeping the soul alive with hope. The story of the consumptive Märit might have been omitted with advantage to the compactness of the book. She, gentle, contented, asking little of life, but receiving everything in her husband's sympathy, is used as a contrast, but weakly used. What interest we feel in the tale is centred in Hilda.

THE MAIN CHANCE. By Christabel R. Coleridge. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

If Miss Coleridge had told her tale more simply she would have impressed her readers more. The hero sees before him the necessity of sacrificing his own interests in the name of honesty; he makes the sacrifice, and feels better for it, though he is a poorer man. But the story is presented to us in the shape of a man fighting an ancestral ghost, or struggling with the shadow of the sins of the fathers—a plan that success would justify, but which the result here does not. The central characters are vague, ideal beings that entirely miss their effect and our attention. Only with the pretty little imbecile Kitty and the downright unimaginative plebeian-souled Max do we get at close quarters. This is disappointing, as the writer promised us better company. The moral tone, as in all Miss Coleridge's stories, is of the loftiest, and the style generally careful. But there is something wrong here, "and so came home

to his wife and his sons with a whole skin and fortune, not only unimpaired, but added to by a merciful and grateful sovereign."

SOME PERSONS UNKNOWN. By E. W. Hornung. 6s. (Cassell.)

Here are a dozen or so of well-told and mostly pleasant stories. Some of them have Australian backgrounds, but this time, we think, England is the scene of the most successful ones. "Kenyon's Innings" will be a favourite with all who love boys, and who can understand the sacro-sanctity of cricket. From Mr. Hornung's tone we gather that not to be an initiate and devotee of the game is more than reprehensible; it is disgraceful. Perhaps, therefore, it was a guilty conscience that drove us to prefer the dramatic and tragic "Author! Author!" and especially "A Literary Coincidence." The elderly hero of the latter is one of the most delightful men of letters in fiction. Perhaps some will be reminded by it of a delightful hero of letters in real life, the late Mr. James Payn. Hardly one of the stories is disappointing; they all point to an increase of deftness and brightness in Mr. Hornung's work.

THE LOVES OF THE LADY ARABELLA. By M. E. Seawell. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The plural is misleading. Lady Arabella had only one love, and that was rather to be called an infatuation. Nor did she inspire any very noble or lasting passion in those about her. Her beauty commanded a passing homage—sometimes a transient madness—but the two youths who came under her spell both lived to say that they would rather die on the gibbet than be married to her. Yet, with all her unamiability, she does much to keep the narrative lively, though hardly so much as that charming old couple Sir Peter and Lady Hawkshaw, who were unequalled, as the writer tells us, "for true devotion and incessant wrangling." The story is an exceedingly vivacious one, with plenty of incident—a sea fight, by the way, and a couple of elopements to Gretna Green. The terse and forcible style of English will strike the reader on the first page, and he will find that it has a wonderful carrying quality, and will land him at the last after a remarkably brisk journey. The manners of the period are well reproduced—a period when England's ships were indeed hearts of oak, and fought the French upon the high seas, and when it cast no discredit upon the upbringing of an English gentleman that he should add as a postscript to a letter, "Please excuse speling as my arm is very paneful."

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN CHAIN. By R. D. Chetwode. 6s. (Pearson.)

The wars of Stephen's reign, the struggles of Matilda, and the adventures of Henry of Blois before he came to the throne, provide the background incidents for this spirited tale. In the foreground are Alain and Aylmer, two study partisans of the Empress, and of Prince Henry, who have adventures enough in love and war, in prison, with outlaws, in the field, and rescuing fair ladies, to satisfy the most exigent of boys and girls. It is to them the story will appeal most. The dry history of the schoolroom will be lightened up by a tale like this, a well-made, vigorous specimen of its class.

THE IMPEDIMENT. By Dorothea Gerard. 6s. (Blackwood.)

It is seldom but Madame de Longgarde chooses an interesting situation about which to build her stories. Interest is not wanting here, though it is troubled by what seems to us improbability. The "impediment" of the title is the dead husband of the central woman character, who killed himself because he was not loved, and was too weak and insignificant to hope ever to win his wife's love over the head of a rival of a more forcible nature. There has been no treachery to him, and there has been a good deal of restraint in the relations of the lovers. But after his death, his dumb sorrow and his desperate deed keep these long apart, and would have sundered them completely, save for the intervention of another woman, who had loved the man all her conscious life, and whom he is ready to marry, as a consolation, now that the lady of his heart will not come near him. The woman sacrifices her own romance, and forces the old lovers to meet, with the result that might be expected. This makes a pretty and high-minded story, and we wish we could believe all of it that is creditable to Miss Jessie Drummond. But her first marriage with the weak, spiritless, clumsy, one-eyed baronet was so blatantly sordid, or, at least, so cold-heartedly worldly, that about her after scruples and delicacies we cannot help being sceptical. We are not satisfied that the brilliant and beautiful Jessie was so complicated and abnormal as to be an exception to a very common rule, that self-interested calculation is the habit and the talent of coarse-grained natures.

MARIE DE MANCINI. A Romantic Episode of the Early Days of Louis XIV. From the French of Madame Sophie Gay. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

"Marie de Mancini" was a work of Madame Gay's later years; and perhaps the writer of the preface to this translation is right in finding a trace of growing age in its "tendency to refine too far, to stand aside from the characters and preach to them, in place of allowing themselves to be their own sermon." But the over-refining will have its admirers. The study of character in the book is exceedingly subtle. The bias of sympathy is taken from memoirs of the time more or less reliable. But when Madame Gay had reached her conception of a personage, she unfolded it with extraordinary precision. She did not use short cuts. You need patience to read her. But given patience, leisure, and an interest in human character, and she is almost as good to read at this date as ever she was. The book that has now been translated is the story of that niece of Cardinal Mazarin who was once so nearly Queen of France. She was the "flame" of Louis XIV. before he married Maria Theresa, before La Vallière came on the scene. It is a highly idealised portrait of the lady, for certain; but she was a passionate, strong-natured woman, Louis was hotly in love with her, and the story of their stormy youthful romance thrills one with a sense of reality. There are other excellent studies in the book, besides those of the young king and Marie, notably one of that bizarre and interesting woman Christina of Sweden. The chapter that tells of her meeting with Ninon de Lenclos may be set down as absurdly improbable and sentimental. We see no improbability so far as Christina, the lover of the unconventional, is concerned; but perhaps the morals of the famous beauty have been polished expressly for the occasion. One great advantage which the English version has over the original is the inclusion of excellent portraits of famous men and women of the *grand siècle*—the king, of course, and his mother, Marie de Mancini, Mazarin, La Rochefoucault, Condé, Gramont, and others.

THE LIGHT? By Bernard Hamilton. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Mr. Hamilton's book is large, but not nearly large enough for the immensity of his purpose. He sets out to write a romance, but finds himself wandering in fields of Philosophy, Egyptology, the Higher Criticism, and Military History. And on all these various subjects he writes well, only they are quite worth a book each. Now and again he remembers his romance, and fetches in the lovers for a page or two, but before long the fatal asterisk appears and the footnote naively informs us that the next few pages "do not affect the dramatic progress of the tale." For so uniquely considerate is Mr. Hamilton that he elaborately directs his readers where and what to skip, if they desire to read only the story—an admirable method it appears to us of ensuring that the interpolated passages shall *not* be missed. The author, undoubtedly, gives his readers ample opportunity of comparing him with himself. If we do not like him in one style, we may find him more to our mind in another. For ourselves we like him best, on the whole, in his military aspect. The chapters on the Franco-Prussian War, and the description of the famous Ride of Death could hardly be surpassed in vividness. The first part of the book, too—that entitled "Yesterday," would have made a very satisfactory story by itself. It is genuine romance, and has an additional interest in the novel point of view from which the story of the Exodus is regarded. The young priest of Amen-Ra, and the lovely novice of the Temple of Bast, are humanly interesting characters. But when reincarnated in modern surroundings on a P. and O. steamer, the lovers lose their distinction. And the disquisitions on the Higher Criticism and the "New Reformation" schemes are terribly familiar. Mr. Hamilton is least effective there. The book is curiously compounded of good and bad, of very good and very bad. We would fain know if Mr. Hamilton wrote it all himself, and if not, whether he wrote the good or the bad parts. There is a suggestion of a feminine hand occasionally—nay, there are suggestions of half a dozen hands. If "Bernard Hamilton" is plural, there is an excellent writer among—shall we say?—them, but there is also a writer—the one who affects capital letters—who should have no hand in future books.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE CRUISE OF THE "CACHALOT." Round the World after Sperm Whales. By Frank T. Bullen. 8s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)

We do not wonder at Mr. Rudyard Kipling's praise of this book. Like him, we "have never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery," nor, we might add, in its go-ahead breeziness of style. True, the style is not literary, and the English is that of a deep-sea sailor whose school was the fo'c's'le, and who knows more of stays'ls than of syntax. But that does not rob the book of its interest. The subject of sperm-whale fishing is little regarded in this country, or in any country—even (since the civil war) America. We question if every schoolboy would know that "cachalot" is the name of the sperm-whale, or if even the average well informed adult knows that Milton's "grisamber steamed" is one of its prime products. But here is a glorious salt-sea book, true, every

From Photo by [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

MR. FRANK T. BULLEN.

word of it, and thrilling with adventure, which is nothing but an account of sperm-whale fishing. Not a very dainty business, it must be admitted, and Mr. Bullen's details are very full. But the spirit of daring is there, and plenty of adventure to counteract any superfluity of oiliness. It is not a juvenile book, but boys will revel in it, and men who have still some of their boyish sympathies intact will find it as refreshing as an ocean holiday.

UNIVERSITY SERMONS. Preached before the University of Glasgow, 1873-1898, by John Caird, D.D., LL.D., Late Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow. 6s. (James Maclehose and Sons.)

Principal Caird was commonly reckoned the foremost of Scottish preachers. It was therefore inevitable that a volume of his sermons should be published, and the nineteen samples which have been selected will certainly justify the popular estimate. No doubt few sermons lose more by being sundered from the voice with which they were originally identified. That voice can never be forgotten by anyone who ever heard it. Clear and penetrating as Spurgeon's, resonant as Gladstone's, it possessed besides a richness all its own. Yet these sermons are diametrically unlike the rhetorical harangues and histrionic displays which are sometimes associated with such an organ They are severely thought, dignified, and finished in style full of a deep passion for all that is noble and ideal, but of a passion held in hand. The beauty of style and lucidity of treatment are not more remarkable than the penetration which pierces through conventional theological formulæ to the human and moving truth which they have covered and too often hidden. Intellect characterises all the sermons, yet no subject is treated from the merely intellectual point of view. The universal human instincts and spiritual cravings are constantly appealed to, and the simplest hearer as well as the most highly cultured must have felt himself aided by these utterances.

CLOVELLY SERMONS. By the late William Harrison, M.A., Rector of Clovelly. 3s. 6d. (Methuen and Co.)

These sermons reveal a personality which could not fail to win love and esteem. There is a native dignity and nobility of sentiment expressed in simple language which must have told powerfully on those who attended Clovelly Church during Mr. Harrison's brief incumbency. Sympathy with men and women in difficulty and darkness, a wise and manly counsel for those who are tempted, a restrained intensity and unmistakable seriousness and sincerity characterise all these utterances. They are introduced by a brief and touching preface signed "Lucas Malet."

MY INNER LIFE. Being a Chapter in Personal Evolution and Autobiography. By John Beattie Crozier. 14s. (Longman Green and Co.)

By his previous contributions to the history of philosophy Mr. Crozier has earned for himself a respectful hearing. He has devoted himself as truly as Spinoza to the search for truth, or, in his own language, to the search for the "Lost Ideal." The details of that prolonged quest he publishes in his present volume. By omitting irrelevant, although very readable and amusing autobiography, he might have lightened his book by one-third of its contents. The important part consists of a survey of modern thought from Descartes to the present time. Such a survey might seem gratuitous, as it has so often been undertaken by previous writers. But Mr. Crozier's expositions of the evolution of philosophical thought are singularly felicitous and lucid, while his criticisms are generally illuminating. Besides, his exposition derives a significance of its own from his particular aim, which is to show the relation of modern thought as a single movement to what he terms the World-Insight of the Poetic thinkers. For he believes the metaphysical method to be a limited one, unequal to its self-imposed task of interpreting the universe. Whether his own finding of God and the Soul will approve itself either to the Hegelians or to the Materialists is another question; but assuredly the second part of his volume, containing a out two hundred pages, would form an excellent introductionb to the study of modern thought.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ART AND ILLUSTRATED BOOKS. By J. Lewine. 63s. (Sampson Low.)

This magnificent book is a monument of research, an authoritative and invaluable book for collectors. The bibliography of illustrated books has been strangely neglected, and this work supplies a want which must have been long felt by connoisseurs. Mr. Lewine has not confined himself to a bibliography of English works, but has catalogued the illustrated French books of the same period. His notes on the various editions form a most valuable commentary on literature, and his work will be consulted by all who are interested not only in the prices of books, but also in the history of English and French literature of the eighteenth century.

A FLEET IN BEING. By Rudyard Kipling. 1s. (Macmillan and Co.)

This may be journalism, but it is journalism of no ordinary kind. It is sketchy and incomplete, a series of note-book impressions, hardly to be reckoned a serious contribution to literature, but withal a magnificent piece of descriptive writing, vivid and virile. Every line is truly patriotic, breathing the pride of the mother country whose bulwarks are the seas. And there is criticism, too, criticism that those in high places may well mark and learn, for it comes from a man who sees and seeing, understands.

A SHORT HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND. By Dr. Karl Dändliker. Translated by E. Salisbury. 7s. 6d. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

Dr. Dändliker's monumental work on Switzerland is well known to students of history. The present book is a translation of his shorter manual, a concise and simple book, primarily

intended for the use of schools, etc. It is in every way an excellent piece of work, scholarly, unbiassed, and correct, with a capital bibliography and two remarkably clear maps. It will prove of great value to the student and of abiding interest to a wider public, for in reading it we are in a land of romance, of daring deeds, and glorious adventures. Mr. Salisbury has done his work admirably, and has earned the thanks of all who are interested in the little land whose beauties are, as he says in his preface, a "never failing source of pleasure to English travellers."

THOMAS REID. By A. Campbell Fraser. (Famous Scots Series.) 1s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson, Ferrier.)

Professor Campbell Fraser has done all the justice that circumstances demanded and that space permitted to the modest and home-keeping Scottish philosopher, whose work gave Sir William Hamilton his intellectual impetus, and held Victor Cousin's allegiance even at the date of the *Philosophie Ecossaise*. The Professor handles the biography and the philosophy together, pausing when he brings his subject to this place or that, New Machar, King's College, or Glasgow, to analyse his mental attitude and discuss his opinions at that stage—a method we much prefer to that which first relates the historical facts of a man's life, and then in a separate chapter deals with his intellectual growth. In this case the biographer has realised his subject, and, philosophy apart, we have got a clear idea of the character of this quiet, slow, simple-minded, and self-contained Thomas Reid. But, naturally, the chief interest lies in the philosophy, and Professor Fraser has given a very clear and interesting account of the special discoveries of Hume's great opponent and of his "appeal to the final reason latent in human nature." The chapter on "Reid in the Nineteenth Century" is perhaps the most interesting in the book. There the influence of the Common Sense Philosophy on the thought of later years is traced—not merely in Hamilton and Cousin, but in Kant himself, and throughout Scots Hegelian Idealism. In a few suggestive final words the author professes to find in "inspired experience" the root of poetry and of theology as well as philosophy, and the expression of "God revealed in the ideal man latent in all men." Reid and his philosophy could not be in safer hands than Professor Campbell Fraser's. He has added one more excellent volume to a very admirable series.

THE LONG WHITE CLOUD. AO TEA ROA. By William Pember Reeves. 6s. (H. Marshall.)

There is something particularly attractive about this volume. The alluring title, the happily-designed cover, the straightforward commonsense of the preface, the terse, racy style of the book itself, combine to win the reader's goodwill at the outset. He is favourably impressed, before he has read a word by the mere look of the book, and after ten pages he has begun to like the author. After that he reads sympathetically, and is ready to be pleased—as, indeed, he cannot fail to be. Ao Tea Roa is the native name for New Zealand, which being interpreted means "the long, white cloud." This book is a descriptive history of the country. Mr. Reeves is a New Zealander. He knows the islands from end to end, and has had his share in governing them. He writes with authority, and in a frank, practical, business-like tone which carries conviction with it. Undoubtedly it is the best, if not the only satisfactory, book on the subject that has as yet been published.

LIFE OF MAN ON THE HIGH ALPS. By Angelo Mosso. Translated from the Italian by E. Lough Kiesow. 21s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Signor Mosso is a physiologist, and not, except incidentally, a traveller. He climbed the snow-clad peak of Monte Rosa in no spirit of mere adventurous daring, but simply that he might note facts regarding the circulation of the blood in rarefied air, fatigue of the heart in mountaineering, and so on. Still, technical though the book is, its technicalities are of a kind to interest most people. If any unfortunate wight should chance first on the statement that Dr. Guglielminetti "attributed the diminution of haemoglobin observed by Egli-Sinclair simply to a diminution of red corpuscles, and says, 'On August 12th in Chamonix I had 6,400,000 corpuscles to the square millimetre, and only 4,000,000 on the 17th . . .'" let him not be alarmed. The book is not all like that, and all mountaineers and most athletes, besides many others, will find it full of interesting reading, and will be grateful to the translator for labour that must have been severe.

ROCK VILLAGES OF THE RIVIERA. By William Scott. 7s. 6d. (A. and C. Black.)

This is a book for the amiable dilettante with a mild interest in history who wants something more than a novel to beguile the leisure hours of a Mediterranean holiday. Not that the writer trifles with his subject—he has evidently given it much painstaking and erudite study—but he writes in such an easy, conversational, afternoon-in-the-garden strain that we read on and on with interest, drop off asleep in the midst of it, and wake up just as ready to be interested as before. Undoubtedly the history of these *Otto Luoghi di Ventimiglia* is curious, and the villages themselves are worth more study than the average visitor can give them. Mr. Scott goes carefully into the history of the Ligurian littoral, and gives a detailed description of each of the eleven rock villages. The book is daintily illustrated and clearly printed, and will make a charming gift for a friend about to flee to the Riviera from the rigours of an English spring.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE. By Dean C. Worcester. 15s. (Macmillan.)

The Philippines are interesting just at present, and those who want to know something more about them than either geography books, or newspapers have to tell us will enjoy this account. It is written in a particularly bright and lively fashion, and though the author's two trips were made in the interests of zoology and ethnology, his book recognises no such limits, but deals with everything and anything connected with the islands. It is as pleasant and readable a travel book—to say nothing of its timely interest—as could be desired.

THE LAND OF THE PIGMIES. By Captain Guy Burrows. With Introduction by H. M. Stanley. 21s. (Pearson.)

There is a great deal here besides the Pigmy chapter, though no doubt Captain Burrows did wisely in naming his book from this, its most interesting feature. Leaving out Mr. Stanley's introduction, with its strongly expressed praise of King Leopold's methods in the Congo district, and its strictures on the attitude of the British press, we have a hundred and seventy pages of exploration among various Congo tribes before we reach the Akka—or Tikkitikki, as some of their neighbours appropriately call them. After all they are not so very small, their height bringing them to about the shoulder of an average man. They are well proportioned, too, especially the red variety, the black being an inferior and more degraded tribe. They are nomadic in their habits and form no social or domestic ties, have no religion and no interest in either past or future, but live solely for hunting and gorging food. They have no ornaments of any kind—not even the primitive rings and anklets that the women of savage tribes affect. "In short," Captain Burrows says, "they are, to my thinking, the closest link with the original Darwinian anthropoid ape extant." The rest of the book has its own interest, though it is not so new or so striking as this special part. Captain Burrows writes easily and readably, and the clear print and numerous illustrations add to the attractiveness of an excellent travel-book.

LONDON IN SONG. Compiled by Wilfred Whitten. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Whitten has carried out his intention with excellent judgment. Perhaps no one will have realised what a wealth of poetry London has inspired, till they have run through his interesting anthology. The poetry of pageants, of manners, of vision and reflection, is abundantly represented by the pieces chosen; and though he warns us that "London, not Literature, is primarily exhibited," and that poems have been admitted "which are only witty, or only curious, or only sincere," the literary standard is very high. From Chaucer to Mr. Henley, Mr. Binyon, and Mr. Davidson, the poetic evidence runs on how stimulating has been the influence of the great city, which is dreary and glorious and lonely and sociable, a home for dreamers and for fighters, which is, in short, every contradiction rolled into one great, perhaps not inharmonious whole.

THE NEW ROME. Poems and Ballads of our Empire. By Robert Buchanan. 6s. (Walter Scott.)

Says Mr. Buchanan, in his Prose Note at the end of this volume, "I had been taught by sharp experience that such poems were not *wanted* by the public, that all modern Society expected from its poets was a little verbal music and a great deal of acquiescence and patriotic sentiment." The worser half of the public will doubtless punish him pretty sharply for giving

them anything they wanted so little as the poems in this book. Unluckily he has given them a stick to beat him with. He declares that he has written not in anger, but in grief; yet there are signs of very unamiable temper here and there, and there are faults of taste which deserve hard criticism. Let us be honest, however, and after denouncing, if we must, the errors of judgment, stop there and own that, for the rest, "The New Rome" is the book of a most generous-hearted, high-souled man and a true poet. The mere rub-a-dub-dub of the drum he will not set to Jingo words. Respecting our conquests he will ask the reason why, and peer closely at the result; but he is not slow to be fired by honest glory, and he is behind none in acknowledging pluck. Victories by sea and land are but a small portion of the source of our national pride. He sings the modern man and modern woman in their every activity: bicyclists, the Salvation Army lass, the eternal lover, the last Christians, and the tramp. He sings now didactically, and again with the true lyric note. He uses unpardonable language concerning some foreigners who have done services to humanity which he does not understand, and his parody of "Tomlinson" will be in some eyes a grave offence. Yet his general charity and kindness should cover a multitude of faults of temper. In spite of all his mistakes, he sings our Empire in a way understanded of humane and intelligent men, wearied by the thumping music-hall ditties offered them lately for stimulants to patriotism.

ACTORS OF THE CENTURY. By Frederic Whyte. 21s. (George Bell and Sons.)

Mr. Frederic Whyte has not attempted to write a serious history of the English stage during the present century, but rather an introduction to it, a pleasant volume of theatrical annals, and has hit upon the somewhat novel method of summoning the dramatic critics of the past to tell of the plays and the players of their time. Our author is a cheery guide never too serious; he just speaks his mind plainly, and we feel that if we do not agree with him he will not be greatly troubled. He gossips of times past and present, taking us back in his early chapters to the opening years of this old century, to the days of ancient history, which are not seldom dull reading, but which here are bright and living; from those days he traces the history of the English stage down to the present time, telling us of Macready, of Phelps, of the Bancrofts, of Irving, and of their fellows. The history of later days in things dramatic centres round the Bancrofts and Sir Henry Irving. Of these and of their most notable contemporaries Mr. Whyte has plenty to tell us, and fortunately we cannot quite agree with all he says—fortunately for he is but dull company with whom we agree upon every point. Mr. Whyte has his favourites, so have we; some of ours he treats as tenderly as we could desire, others he ignores; but what matter? We can even forgive him, so pleasant a companion has he proved himself, for saying practically nothing about Edward Terry, Nelly Farren, Fred Leslie, George Grossmith, Thomas Thorne or David James, good fellows all. However, space has its limits, and he talks of those he likes best; so, too, time passes, and passes quickly and agreeably as we turn from page to page of this interesting volume. The plates are in most instances excellent, and form an illuminating commentary to the text, we could wish, however, that it had been possible to arrange them in chronological order, and that some of the best of them had not been relegated to the appendix.

HAZELL'S ANNUAL FOR 1899. Edited by W. Palmer. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)

Every year this excellent Annual offers a new marvel of condensation. This 1899 edition contains the gist of a whole library of reference books. A great deal of valuable new material has been added and every article brought up to date. In proof of the freshness of the information we have only to refer to the article on the Dreyfus Question, which brings us as far as the order for the Picquart court-martial (November 24th), and that on the Islington Conference on London Local Government on November 25th. The general accuracy of the volume is much to be praised. One error we have noted: "Mona Maclean" is *not* the *nom de plume* of Miss Todd, but the title of her first book; her *nom de plume* is "Graham Travers." And there seems no need to repeat Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's name twice—once at the beginning of the list as "Anne Isabella Thackeray," and again at the end as "Thackeray, Annie." But these are small matters, and the wonder is that the errors should be so few. The book should find a place on every library or office table. None, we feel assured, will be found more useful.

JOHN KEBLE'S PARISHES. By Charlotte M. Yonge 8s 6d. (Macmillan.)

Miss Yonge has used as the foundation of her work a history of Hursley and North Baddesley compiled by the Rev. John Marsh, curate of Hursley in 1808. Naturally there have been many changes since then, and the parishes have a new interest since they have been identified with the name of John Keble. But even in earlier times the district was not without its historical importance. Mr. Richard Major, whose daughter became the wife of Richard Cromwell, son of the Protector, owned the Merdon property in this parish, and after the Restoration Charles II. chose it as the site of a palace (never completed), which was to rival Versailles. During the present century the three names most closely associated with the parishes have been those of Heathcote, Yonge and Keble. Sir William Heathcote, as landlord, offered the living of Hursley to the Rev. John Keble in 1826, but acceptance was impossible at the time, and Mr. Keble did not actually come to Hursley till 1835. Miss Yonge's mother had in the meantime founded a school in the parish, and her daughter's familiarity with the local church history began almost with her life. She has the fullest knowledge of all the parish developments, and writes of the place and the people as one who knows them well. Perhaps this is the very reason that the narrative, to an outsider, is difficult to follow. Things that no doubt appear obvious to Miss Yonge are not obvious to other people, and we confess to some trouble in discovering the relationship of the various individuals and the connection between the various localities mentioned. The printer is evidently responsible for the statement that Miss Yonge's parents were married in 1622 (!) but such an error is a little disconcerting in a search after genealogies, But these are trifles and detract but little from the general interest of the record.

SOME VERSES. By Helen Hay. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

It is a low and melancholy voice sings through Miss Hay's pages. It never stirs, but it never jars. Its sincerity is perfect, and its harmony reveals a fine ear, if it is just a little monotonous. Sometimes a more ringing note is heard, but even then exhilaration is always touched with pain. This is one of the best of the verses—

"Was there another Spring than this?
I half remember through the haze
Of glimmering nights and golden days,
A broken-pinioned birdling's note,
An angry sky, a sea-wrecked boat,
A wandering through rain-beaten ways!
Lean closer, love—I have thy kiss!
Was there another Spring than this?"

APOSTOLIC CHRISTIANITY. Notes and Inferences mainly based on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians by H. Hensley Henson, B.D., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, etc., etc. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

Mr. Henson furnishes us in this volume with an excellent specimen of a kind of literature which Principal Moule and Canon Gore also affect, a swiftly running commentary on one of the Epistles of the New Testament. He assigns a reason for adopting this style of literature. In his very sombre preface he tells us that no one reads the New Testament nor will listen to expository sermons. Consequently the "current notions about the Gospel and the Apostolic Age are largely based on the productions of Marie Corelli, Mr. Hall Caine, and writers of that type." Feeling keenly the dangers of urban life and recognising that frivolity, cynical scepticism, and sensuality are the uniform vices of great cities, he seeks to hold up a mirror to modern society in the picture St. Paul gives us of Corinth, and to interest the mind in the methods and institutions of the primitive Church. He writes out of a full and keen mind, with knowledge and skill, and with very considerable power. His impartiality will probably give as much offence to his High Church friends as to Nonconformists. For although he maintains that the threefold ministry can be traced in a continuous line to Apostolic times, he yet allows that on the whole view of the last four centuries "non-Episcopalian Christianity has proved its power to stand the test of discipleship proposed by our Lord at least as well as Episcopalian." He argues strongly for the Confessional, and yet declares that "the conventional Anglican teaching about the Apostolical Succession is in many respects gravely objectionable." In fact Mr. Henson teaches

us that doctrines which are usually considered to hang together and to mark a party are not indissolubly connected, and may find divorce in a well-ordered mind. Mr. Henson has given us a strong, living, instructive book, for which all who are interested in the Christian Church must be grateful.

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN. By Ernest Seton Thompson. 6s. (Nutt.)

It is quite true, as Mr. Thompson says, that a ten-page sketch of the habits and customs of Man would not be nearly so interesting as ten pages out of the life of some one interesting individual. Mr. Thompson applies this reasoning to the wild animals he has known, and produces a unique and delightful book. Yet charming as the tales are—and we refer the reader to "Raggylug" for confirmation—the attractiveness of the book is due quite as much—perhaps in a sense even more—to Mrs. Thompson's taste and skill in decoration. Her marginal drawings are delightfully quaint, and the whole make-up of the book, the credit for which belongs chiefly to her, has an originality and grace which at once attracts the eye. We have seldom found more pleasure in looking over the pictures and decoration of any book.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT. A Middle English Arthurian Romance retold in Modern Prose, with Introduction and Notes by Jessie L. Weston. 2s. (Nutt.)

This is the first of a series of Arthurian romances, other than those given by Sir Thomas Malory, which Mr. Nutt is publishing at present. The manuscript from which this translation is made is now in the British Museum. The original is in a very obscure West-country dialect quite inaccessible to the ordinary reader, and Miss Weston has utilised her scholarship in translating it, not into modern English, but into English somewhat like Malory's, and certainly intelligible. The story is quite worth bringing within the reach of the general reader. The force and directness of the style, the descriptive skill, the restrained humour are all characteristic of the best of these old English romances. And this one has not the coarseness of some others. The book is quaintly and prettily bound, and contains some tasteful designs by Mr. M. M. Crawford.

IDLEHURST. A Journal Kept in the Country. By John Halsham. 6s. (Smith, Elder)

The ability to write a diary which the average man shall care to read is a special gift of the gods. Not once in a century is it granted to any. It has not been granted to Mr. John Halsham. His book is much too consciously clever for a journal. Surely no man could live out his daily life on such a level. His only relaxation from being superlatively wise is to become brilliantly witty, but all with intention and therefore without effect. It is a solid book of a dull excellence. But Mr. Halsham deserves commendation for his courage, for when he undertook to write a diary for print he ventured much.

FOREIGN COURTS AND FOREIGN HOMES. By A. M. F. 6s. (Longmans.)

It would have been a pity if these reminiscences had been unrecorded. The modest writer's apology for them is unnecessary. The simplemindedness of their tone and the simplicity of their style add an agreeable flavour to the old memories of persons by no means all of them simpleminded. The memories reach half a century back, beginning with pictures of the old Hanoverian Court, where the writer's father held a high, a difficult, and most unremunerative post. The king was her godchild. Some years of her childhood were spent in England, and from that period date memories of the Disraelis, the Duke of Wellington, and some notabilities of the second order. But it is to her French days that most of the stories belong. In Normandy, in Paris, and in Brittany, she had unusual social opportunities, among the Legitimists, who bored her with their lilies and their stiffness, the Bonapartists—Louis Napoleon was a hero of hers; he teased her for her unguarded speech, and admired her for her liveliness—and such eminent Republicans as De Tocqueville and Montalembert. Her stories of the courts are less interesting than the glimpses she gives us of home-life in the amiable and highminded De Tocqueville circle. She calls herself a Bohemian, but her Bohemianism will not shake hands with that which is called by the name today. Yet probably she was something of an *enfant terrible* and certainly had a love of adventure and a geniality which prevented her experiences being limited to the high circles we have named. She was hand in glove with fisher folks and peasants as well, and in a Normandy costume saw a good deal more of the people in their homes and their merrymakings than a girl of her rank was supposed to do. Her recollections of humble friends are quite as romantic as those of the *noblesse* and the court. For things and ideas of to-day she has nothing but abhorrence. Naturally all her charity is for those that smiled on her and for the customs that surrounded her in her bright youth.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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GREEN, Dr. S. G.—The Christian Creed and the Creeds of Christendom, 6/- ..... Macmillan
HASTIE, Rev. Prof.—Theology as Science ..... MacLehose
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[*See p.* 143.]
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[*See p.* 152.]
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[*See p.* 141.]

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[*See p.* 146.]

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See p. 145.]

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